

# THE NATION

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### EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE International Economic Conference, which opens next Wednesday, and which we discuss in a leading article, has been preceded by long and careful preparation. A Preparatory Committee has been at work for over a year; and the Secretariat have been busily engaged in compiling statistical material, much of which has recently been published in a series of Memoranda which should incidentally be of the greatest value to economic students. This procedure of Preparatory Committees and elaborate preliminary staff work has now become a regular feature of the

League's technique; and to this must be attributed the greater success which usually attends international conferences summoned under the auspices of the League, as compared with purely *ad hoc* conferences of the Genoa type. No more fruitful work has been accomplished in recent years than that of the Financial and Economic Section of the League; and we in Britain may take a pardonable pride in the thought that an Englishman, Sir Arthur Salter, has been its directing genius, and that its success has been mainly assured by the consistent support of the Bank of England. Hitherto, the work has lain in the sphere of financial reconstruction. One country after another, Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria, Greece, has been enabled by the League to set its financial and monetary house in order. This work having been so largely accomplished, it is held that the time is ripe for a plunge into the larger and more difficult sphere of tariffs, international cartels, and the like. That is the idea that lies behind the Economic Conference.

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It is difficult as a rule to secure for Conferences of this nature public attention commensurate with their importance. For their proceedings are too apt to prove intolerably dull; and the greater the value of the work the greater tends to be the dullness. On this occasion, however, it will not be surprising if there is a considerable element of liveliness. The Egyptians are to raise the question of the Capitulations. The Americans, who have sent a very strong delegation, are credited with the intention of raising matters like the Stevenson Rubber scheme. The Germans, it is believed, will insist on discussing Reparations. And it seems now more likely than not that the Russians will be there after all. Thus it is conceivable that, contrary to the general rule, this Conference will make good "copy."

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The tame debates in the House of Commons this week on the Budget resolutions mark the calm that precedes the storm. Next week, the Trade Unions Bill will be introduced, and the debates are likely to be characterized by a vehemence and bitterness which has not been seen for many years. The Parliamentary controversy, however, is likely to pale before the agitation in the country; for which the Trades Union Congress has been mobilizing its forces, deciding on the curious step of reviving the strike-time *BRITISH WORKER*, by way presumably of marking its sense of the abnormal gravity of the issue. Ministers, in their turn, are busy addressing public meetings in defence of their handiwork. It is symptomatic of Conservative psychology that the one criticism of the Bill which seems to have impressed the party as a damaging one, is the omission of the Bill to put lock-outs on the same footing as strikes, and assurances are now being given that this omission will be rectified in Committee. This is the

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one criticism which is really more a debating-point than a point of substance. The Bill will not be less a partisan measure because general lock-outs are formally prohibited. The central defect of the Bill is the extraordinary looseness of its phraseology, which is capable of so sweeping an interpretation that, as Mr. Cyril Asquith points out in the *TIMES* this week, any citizen might be exposed to penalties for urging another to do some work, if the latter is afraid that he may be laughed at if he does not comply. In its practical effect, the Bill leaves it to the Courts to decide whether strikes may take place, and to the magistrates to decide whether picketing should be allowed. And it is not easy to see how this objection can be put right in Committee.

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It is a great pity that Mr. Locker-Lampson was not pressed to reply more explicitly to the question addressed to him with regard to the action that is to be taken about Mr. Chen's note. The reply he chose to give left it quite uncertain whether the Powers were discussing a counter reply, or coercive action, or both. There is only too much reason to fear that the Government have contemplated following up their original threat of "appropriate" measures by some kind of coercive action, and have only been stopped by the reluctance of other Powers—notably America—to co-operate in their folly. Meanwhile the prospect of obtaining some satisfaction for the Nanking outrages has improved. General Chiang has gone out of his way to inform a representative of the French Press that all guilty persons shall be punished, and the victims of the outrages indemnified. Simultaneously, we are told that Mr. Chen is shortly to be succeeded by Mr. Wu, a Chinese with a Western education and a Law degree. Mr. Chen is, however, to remain in office until the Nanking question has been settled.

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Chiang's promises may be sincere, or they may be mere cards in a game of gaining time; and Mr. Chen may continue to draw out discussions by making irrelevant inferences from facts which he has either misstated or distorted. But it will surely be the very height of folly even to repeat the original threat of coercive action, and so risk the utter breakdown of a tentative negotiation with two untrustworthy persons. If the situation is that Chen and Chiang may consent to do the right thing after long preliminary chicanery, the proper thing for our Foreign Office to do is to stop threatening and to play the Chinese game *con amore*. Baron Tanaka's statement of policy on the Chinese question leaves it doubtful whether the Japanese attitude towards coercive action has changed or not. He has stated that Japan cannot remain indifferent to Communist activity in China; and that she is ready to "co-operate" with the Powers after consideration of the "particular problems involved, the appropriate time and the proposed measures." These may simply be phrases inserted by a party leader for party purposes, or they may mean that the Japanese Minister is flirting with recent proposals for coercive action. Probably Baron Tanaka was thinking more of Manchuria than of the Yang-tze valley, and more of Chang Tso-lin than of Mr. Chen.

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We have, as yet, received no official statement with regard to the Soviet documents seized at Peking, but, if the revelations hitherto made are even partly true,

there can be little doubt that the Peking authorities will shortly prove that the Soviet Government have taken sides in the internal dissensions of China, and have paid out large sums for assisting the faction or factions that they decided to support. The Moscow authorities, not the Third International, would appear to be involved. We do not wish to jump to conclusions, in anticipation of any rebuttal statement that the Russian Government may make; but if Moscow is proved guilty of actively intervening in Chinese politics, Baron Tanaka's policy of counter intervention will doubtless command a good deal of support both here and elsewhere. This might raise very wide questions involving Anglo-Japanese and Anglo-American relations, and it is best for the present to suspend judgment and await facts.

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The publication last week of the Italian "Charter of Labour" has aroused considerable interest and some amusement. It largely consists, no doubt, of portentous platitudes which may well provoke a smile. Labour in all its forms is a social duty. Private enterprise is a most efficacious instrument. Such pronouncements do not carry us far. Still less convincing is the duty laid upon "professional associations of employers" to "promote in every way possible an increase in production and a reduction in costs." Nevertheless, a coherent conception of order in an industrial State—a State regimented from top to bottom—underlies the document, and herein, and in the possibility that a serious attempt will be made to enforce its provisions, lies its interest. Trade unionism is compulsory; so is collective bargaining; so is conciliation in industrial disputes. There are certain other notions embodied in the Charter that are well worth our attention. Thus, compulsory holidays with pay are to be provided for. Workers are to be indemnified against loss of employment which is due to no fault of their own. In fact, if Mr. Baldwin wants to legislate for industry, he may well extend his studies to the constructive aspects of Fascism. The Charter compares very favourably with his egregious Trade Unions Bill.

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Mussolini, however, is likely to discover that Charters of Labour are froth and bubble compared with the realities of monetary disturbances. Few recent events are more interesting than the rise of the Italian lira, which touched 83 to the £ in the London market this week. Mussolini once declared that it was his aim to raise the lira to a figure, if we recollect aright, of about 50. And, whether or not he has deliberately engineered the recent rise, he is presumably delighted with it. He will not be delighted long; and, indeed, the best thing that can happen for the stability of his regime is that a reaction should speedily occur and send the lira back to the other side of the 100 mark. The lira has been somewhere between 100 and 130 for a long time past, except when it fell lower after the French franc last summer; and prices, wages, money standards generally must be fairly well adjusted by now to a 100-120 level. In these circumstances, a higher exchange must entail all those consequences of export paralysis, unemployment and deflation, which we have experienced, in quite a minor degree, during the past two years. It is extraordinary how slow statesmen are to learn the clearest economic lessons, and none are slower than omnipotent dictators. If the high value of the lira persists for any time, it will be interesting to

observe the reactions on France. The franc has been steady now for a long time at about 125; and it has seemed probable that M. Poincaré would be content to stabilize at this figure and would be able to do so. But may he not now hold it to be incompatible with French dignity to accept for the franc a parity below that of the lira? Such are the follies by which monetary policy is swayed.

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The Preparatory Commission on Disarmament has concluded its session, having prepared a preliminary draft of the convention, and has provisionally fixed November 1st for its next sitting. This interval before the second reading of the draft will not be too long, if it is used by the respective Governments for a genuine attempt to find a way round the points on which no agreement has yet been reached. It is no matter for surprise that several important questions are still outstanding. The nearer the Commission gets to the production of a practicable draft, the keener the Governments will become on safeguarding what they regard as their special interests. What is remarkable is the number of instances in which reservations and objections have already been withdrawn, for the sake of progress. Only the other day, Japan gave a fine example by withdrawing altogether her objection to the inclusion of aircraft carried in ships among the categories to be limited, and withdrawing, subject to certain technical provisos, her objection to the limitation of naval personnel. The work of the Commission has shown clearly that limitation of armaments is a practical proposition, and that the differing points of view of the technical experts are capable of reconciliation or compromise. It is for public opinion in all countries to insist that the prospects of an effective convention shall not be wrecked by any obstinacy in haggling over the problems still unsolved.

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A statement on American Foreign Policy, made by President Coolidge at a Press dinner in New York, is chiefly remarkable for the passage dealing with Mexico and Nicaragua. "Towards the Governments of countries which we have recognized this side of the Panama Canal," said the President, "we feel a moral responsibility that does not attach to other nations," and he went on to ask why those who would be willing for the United States to accept mandates in Asia should be critical of every attempt to play the policeman in countries nearer at hand. In this implied analogy, President Coolidge appears to have overlooked the fact that the basis of the mandatory system is the grant of the mandate by the League and obligation to report to the Council. This is not quite the same thing as the American claim to political predominance in Mexico and Central America on the ground of special commercial and strategical interests. The President's pronouncement certainly carries a step further the conception of the Caribbean as an American Lake.

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The fall of Adly Pasha's Ministry has given occasion for a reshuffle of portfolios in the Egyptian Cabinet; but the position is not greatly altered. The Wafd, who command a very big majority in the Chamber, hold the majority of the portfolios; but they have been unable to find any leader with sufficient strength and experience to act as Premier, other than Zaghlul Pasha, to whom the British Government had objected on a former occasion. In these circumstances the Liberal, Sarwat Pasha, has consented to undertake the thankless task. The prospects for an amicable

settlement of the outstanding questions between Egypt and Great Britain are not very hopeful. The present coalition is at the mercy of the Wafd, and the Wafd is dominated by its extreme Left. It is clear that Great Britain cannot agree to the demands of the extremists with regard, for instance, to the Sudan. It is equally clear that nothing can be gained by further interference with the domestic politics of the country. The chief hope was always an understanding with Zaghlul Pasha, the one man with sufficient personal popularity to carry through an unpopular policy—and past mistakes, on both sides, render this hope very remote.

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In recent months there has been issued a plethora of official documents, many of them of great importance, and it has hardly been possible for an overburdened Press to do justice to them all. A Report which deserves a better fate than the customary consignment to oblivion is that of the Departmental Committee on the treatment of juvenile offenders. There is no sphere of public activity in which progress is more in evidence, or holds out greater hope of social gain, than that which concerns the young offender. The present Report makes it evident that the methods with which we are now experimenting are in the main the right ones, but that they need to be simplified, co-ordinated, and developed. Of fundamental importance in relation to these methods are two institutions of recent growth—Borstal training and the juvenile courts. Each of these shows encouraging results. The Committee proposes that imprisonment for young offenders should be abolished between the ages of sixteen and seventeen, and should be replaced, as far as possible, by Borstal between seventeen and twenty-one. As to the juvenile courts, there are some sensible suggestions. The magistrates responsible for them should be specially selected for the job. They should be younger than most magistrates are, and better qualified. The courts should be conducted as informally as possible, and publicity of their proceedings should be barred. And they should co-operate more closely than they now do with the local education authority.

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The current LABOUR GAZETTE contains the Ministry's annual survey of changes in rates of wages and hours of labour. This covers the year 1926. Wage-rates have been practically stationary since 1922, but in no case has so small a variation in aggregate wage-rates been recorded as was the case last year. The Ministry's statistics cover about eight million workers; of these about half a million underwent some increase of wage-rates and about three-quarters of a million some reduction. On balance, aggregate wage-rates were increased by £50,000 weekly—or about three halfpence per week per worker over the whole of industry. Earnings, as opposed to wage-rates, of course dropped heavily, but these we have no precise means of measuring. Four-fifths of the changes which took place occurred in the coal-mining industry. These were accompanied by a considerable increase in hours. On balance, the increases reported during the year totalled four million hours per week; no increase in hours of comparable magnitude has hitherto been recorded. Owing to the abnormal character of the year, little importance attaches to the Ministry's analysis of the methods of wage adjustment. This merely indicates—what is already common knowledge—that during the year methods of arbitration and conciliation were very little in evidence. "Direct negotiation," as we shall long have cause to remember, was the order of the day.



## THE NEW COBDENISM

WHAT is the significance of the International Economic Conference, which opens next Wednesday at Geneva? What has given rise to it? What results can we expect to follow from it?

Perhaps the best way of approaching the matter is to look back three-quarters of a century to the days of Cobden and Bright, and to call to mind the hopes and doctrines which were the chief inspiration of their famous "school." Cobden and Bright are mainly remembered to-day as national economic reformers, as the men who, by an extraordinary agitation, overthrew the Corn Laws, and established that system of Free Trade under which Britain built up her industry and commerce and Victorian prosperity. In the sphere of ideas, their names are chiefly associated, less happily for their credit, with the doctrine of *laissez-faire*; and in many quarters it seems to be assumed that, if they were alive to-day, their principal preoccupation would be to denounce the social reform tendencies of recent years, and to demand that public education should be restricted in the interests of a lower income tax. But, in fact, Cobden and Bright were, first and foremost, international idealists. Their conception of international relationships was the central feature of their point of view. Many of their ideas on internal policy were casual almost in comparison. They believed that Free Trade would promote the prosperity of Britain. But they also believed that it would promote the peace of the world. And the latter belief was at least as important to them as the former.

Cobden's prophecy, made at the time the Corn Laws were abolished, that the rest of the world would soon follow our Free Trade example was bandied about during the Tariff Reform controversy of twenty years ago; Tariff Reformers arguing that the fact that other countries still clung to Protection destroyed the original Free Trade case; Free Traders replying that Cobden always made it clear that Free Trade was to our interest, whatever tariffs other countries imposed. The Free Traders' reply was correct. But Cobden's prophecy was significant all the same. It was no mere conventional encouragement of an enthusiastic meeting. It was of the essence of what Free Trade stood for to Cobden that other countries *would* follow our example. And we may suspect that he would have found far more cause for disappointment in the fact that they did not do so, but, on the contrary, hardened towards high tariff policies, than for congratulation in the success of Free Trade in Britain.

What were the fundamental doctrines on which the faith of the Manchester School reposed? That the true interests of different peoples were not antagonistic but harmonious. That this harmony of interests was nowhere more manifest than in international trade, under which peoples, endowed by nature with different aptitudes, different climates, and different natural resources, derived mutual benefit by exchanging the products which each was best fitted to make. That, as international commerce grew, the sense of mutual benefit and interdependence and solidarity would grow with it, more and more people would be bound by intimate business ties to people in other lands, and the

idea of war, doing violence to this sense of solidarity and this network of business relations, would increasingly be seen in its true character of an intolerable stupidity. Thus the growth of international commerce was to be the great pacifying force, and the hope was that this force would become strong enough to subdue the mischievous traditions of European Chancelleries.

For, the false ideas of Governments, the illusions natural to diplomatists and soldiers, the phantoms of power, prestige, domination which they pursued with such quarrelsome zeal, but which were utterly remote from the real interests of their peoples, were the great enemy. They not only endangered peace directly; they obstructed the understanding of the true nature of trade. In the world of diplomatic phantoms, the triumph of one country necessarily implied the humiliation of another; and those who moved in this world were incapable of grasping that it was otherwise with commerce. They instinctively supposed that any exchange that was advantageous to one party must be disadvantageous to the other, and they thought of trade in terms of military analogies, of the "invasion" of markets and the like. Hence the hold of Protectionist ideas. Let people only understand what trade was, as surely they must come to do more and more clearly as the volume of trade expanded; let them have no false shame in asserting trade interests as the primary concern of national policy, and an opposite process would be set at work. An enlightened understanding of the mutual benefits of trade would permeate the whole atmosphere of international relations. Even the diplomatists would discover that they had been quarrelling about shadows, and that on all serious matters the interests of their peoples were in accord.

Such were the beliefs and hopes of Cobden and his friends three-quarters of a century ago. That their hopes have not been realized is tragically plain. Where, then, did their diagnosis go astray? Did it go astray at all? Were they perhaps entirely right in asserting the pacific influence of commerce; and have their hopes been defeated solely by the toughness of the traditions they assailed, by the continued preoccupation of European Chancelleries with the phantoms of power, prestige, and domination to the disregard of the real business interests of their peoples? There is more to be said for such a view than it is fashionable nowadays to acknowledge. Commercial rivalry between Great Britain and Germany is commonly regarded as an important underlying cause of the Great War; but it is difficult, on a close analysis, to trace any clear connection. The roots of the Great War lay in nationalist ambitions and animosities of the type familiar to Cobden, ambitions and animosities concerned with lost provinces and dynastic dignities and strategic interests and racial aspirations, and almost entirely unconcerned with any economic interest whatsoever. And it is a pertinent fact that the European people which was most innocent of any desire for war, and among whom its approach was most widely regarded as an unalloyed calamity, was the people with the most extensive foreign trade. But, when all this has been said, the fact remains that the growth of international commerce, if it has not made for war, has done disappointingly little to make for peace. It is very doubtful how far it has



made for international good-feeling among the business men who directly conduct it. Moreover, quarrels over commercial matters have played an important part in other wars in history, even though they played a very minor part in the last one. There was something wrong in Cobden's diagnosis. What exactly was it?

What was wrong was precisely what was wrong with his social philosophy, the reliance on *laissez-faire*. The doctrine that there is an essential harmony between the real interests of different peoples is a great truth; but the inference that everything will go well if each people pursues its own self-interest, independently of one another, is a fallacy. For the harmony is an essential harmony only. It is subject to innumerable exceptions; and these exceptions are the source of conflicts of interest which may engender the bitterest ill-feeling and give rise to serious international disputes. The conflicts of interest may be ludicrously small in comparison with the common interest in peace and in mutually advantageous trade. None the less, if we provide no satisfactory means of settling differences when they arise, the larger common interests may be endangered for the sake of the smaller divergent interests. That is why Cobden's doctrine of non-intervention, useful as it was as a protest against the Palmerstonian policy of rollicking adventure, held no solution of the diplomatic problem. We must organize peace if we are to secure it; and the League of Nations represents our attempt to do so.

But the moral goes further than the importance of providing machinery to avert war. International trade will not make, as Cobden believed it would, for international good feeling if we rely solely on international *laissez-faire*. In proportion as a country engages in foreign trade, it hazards the fortunes of its industrialists, the employment of its workpeople, the general stability of its economic life, on the tariff policies of other States. It becomes vitally interested in the nature of those tariff policies, and it cannot fail to be aggrieved if they are such as to do it injury. The growth of international trade since Cobden's day has led, surely enough, to an increased economic interdependence; but the interdependence means in large measure mutual dependence on each other's tariff and cognate policies. Is it reasonable to expect that friction and ill-feeling will be avoided, if these policies are formed by each State in a purely self-regarding spirit, with a single eye to its own interest, conceived in accordance with whatever ideas are momentarily dominant, and without the smallest consideration for its neighbours or the smallest sense of international obligation? It is useless to reply that it is in the self-interest of each State to adopt Free Trade, and that this is also to the common interest of all. The doctrine of Free Trade is not accepted, and is not likely to be accepted, widely enough for this answer to suffice. And, indeed, like the more general doctrine of harmony of interests, it is not sufficiently watertight, it is subject to too many exceptions, to stand the strain of so large an expectation. For various arguable reasons, to guard, for example, against the dislocation of established industries, nations will believe that it is in their interests to cling to tariffs and to impose new tariffs,

which may cause devastating dislocation in the industries of their neighbours.

This, indeed, is the story of Europe since the war. One country after another has raised its barriers against manufactured imports for the same sort of reason that inspired our own Safeguarding of Industries Act—abnormal competition resulting from depreciated currencies, and the like. No country, unless it be little Austria, has suffered from this process more severely than ourselves; but all countries have lost by it; and the common interest in reversing it is strong. It can only be reversed by mobilizing the sense of common interest, by creating a sense of international obligation in the framing of tariff policies. This is the main function which the International Economic Conference will, we may hope, fulfil. We must not look to it for tangible results. It will produce no definite agreements for lower tariffs. Any resolutions which it succeeds in reaching are likely to be as vague as the language of the Trade Unions Bill, and considerably less substantial. Its business is to create the atmosphere, to develop the conscience, to stimulate the will; and, if it succeeds in this, we know enough of the League's technique in these matters—as witness the splendid work of financial reconstruction in Austria, Hungary, and elsewhere, which sprang by direct descent from the Brussels Financial Conference—to feel assured that solid results will follow.

## A NOTE ON ECONOMY

THE Finance Accounts for 1925-26 show that in that year the Treasury paid to the Bank of England £1,095,199 for the management of the debt, i.e., for posting dividend warrants and registering transfers, &c. This seems a good deal to pay for clerks' work and printing.

I suggest that here is an item on which champions of economy might fix their attention. During the same year the total salaries and expenses of the threatened departments (not the net economy through transferring their functions, which will be at best a small fraction of the total) were as follows:—

	£
Department of Overseas Trade ...	377,407
Mines Department ...	186,749
Ministry of Transport ...	124,436
	£688,592

The following figures are also useful for purposes of comparison:—

	£
Treasury and Subordinate Depts....	325,422
Home Office ...	382,222
Foreign Office ...	188,885
Colonial Office ...	170,800
	£1,067,329

Thus economical and efficient business men, in the shape of the Bank of England, spent more money on posting the dividends and registering the transfers of the public debt, than was expended on the salaries and expenses of the extravagant and red-taped staffs of the Treasury, the Home Office, the Foreign Office, and the Colonial Office added together. I wonder what Somerset House could do the work for, if they were asked to tender?

J. M. KEYNES.

## FRENCH POLITICS : THE LACK OF PRACTICAL PROGRAMMES

PARIS, APRIL 25TH, 1927.

THE national congress of the Socialist Party at Lyons last week showed how difficult the position of the party is, between the Radicals on the one hand and the Communists on the other. The Congress, after talking for four days and the greater part of three nights, adopted by a majority of nearly three to one—the minority being composed of “Left-Wingers”—one of those immensely long resolutions or manifestos in which French Socialist congresses delight, and which, as usual, left things very much where they were before. The Socialist Party is to retain “full and complete autonomy” in its action, but may come to “accidental” and “precarious” arrangements with the Radicals, and also, it would seem, with the Communists, although that is not explicitly stated. The minority desired less willingness to collaborate with the Radicals and more to collaborate with the Communists. And that would have been a more logical conclusion from the theoretical exposition of the resolution, which declares that, whereas there is a “fundamental opposition” between Socialism and Radicalism, the doctrinal aims of Socialists and Communists are the same, and the difference between them, although grave, is one of methods.

This divorce between theory and practice is an illustration of the embarrassment of the Socialist Party, arising from the fact that, although it still professes in theory the dogmas of Marxism, including the necessity of revolution and the “dictatorship of the proletariat,” many of its members and the great majority of its deputies do not really believe in them and, if there were any opportunity of putting them into practice, would act as the German Majority Socialists acted in November, 1918, when, as one of their number subsequently boasted, they “saved Germany from becoming a Socialist State.” For this reason I doubt whether the resolution adopted at the Lyons congress is right in saying that the destinies of the Socialist and Communist Parties are to be reunited sooner or later in a single party. It seems to me more likely that the French Socialist Party will eventually split, part of it uniting with the Communists and the other part with the “bourgeois” Left. At present, no doubt, it retains many of its supporters only by continuing to profess revolutionary theories, but sooner or later the revolutionary elements are likely to rally to the party that tries to put those theories into practice. The real attraction of the Communist Party for a large number of French workmen is not its Marxist principles—Marxism has never had much real hold in France—but its revolutionary methods, and it is because it continues the old Blanquist tradition that Anarchists and Revolutionary Syndicalists vote for Communist candidates. The Communist Party is undoubtedly gaining, especially in Paris and its suburbs, where the Communists now far outnumber the Socialists, and I do not think that the Socialists, hampered as they are by the opposition between their theory and their practice, are likely to recover their former position. The future of the Socialist Party lies in becoming the nucleus of a great non-revolutionary party of the Left.

If, however, the Socialists allow the Communists to make themselves the sole representatives of the anti-militarist spirit, which is rapidly reviving, they must lose further ground. The Communists have gained immense

prestige by the fact that they alone voted in the Chamber against what is now generally known as the Paul-Boncour Bill for the organization of the nation in time of war. Apart from the merits of the question, it was a terrible blunder on the part of the Socialist deputies to commit themselves as they did to that measure without any serious consideration and without consulting their party, for the Bill is extremely unpopular, not only among the working class. Radicals have told me that they will vote for the Communists at the next election merely because no other party opposed the Bill. The Socialists themselves recognize that they made a blunder, and what they are now hoping is that the Senate will so amend the Bill as to give them an excuse for voting against it when it returns to the Chamber. It is for that reason that M. Renaudel wishes the special National Council of the Socialist Party that is to be called to consider the question not to meet until the Bill is through the Senate. The Lyons congress, however, decided that it was to meet “as soon as possible.” When it meets, there is likely to be severe criticism of the Socialist deputies.

The controversy about the Paul-Boncour Bill has had the excellent effect of raising the whole question of conscription. Count Bernstorff's logical speeches at Geneva have made an impression on French opinion, and it is beginning to be recognized that Germany cannot for ever be prevented from restoring conscription if it continues in other countries. It is ominous that even the German Democratic Party has proposed the substitution of a “national militia” for the professional army. Those who know Germany also recognize that nothing could be more disastrous than the restoration of conscription in that country, where its abolition has been the only really effective measure of disarmament and by far the most valuable change that has taken place, for it has created a new spirit in Germany. The difference between the younger generation and their elders is amazing.

One of the reasons, no doubt, of the attitude of the French Socialists is that they cling to Jaurès' conception of a national militia, in spite of the fact that the abolition of conscription in Germany has entirely altered the situation, and it cannot at all be assumed that Jaurès himself, were he alive, would still make the same proposal. A movement for the universal abolition of conscription would now be possible in France, if there were anybody to take the initiative. It is unfortunate that M. Paul-Boncour should have strayed, by some strange accident, into the Socialist Party. He has done it immense harm. Even M. Jacques Bainville, reactionary and royalist as he is, has recognized the absurdity of so-called disarmament proposals that consist merely in reducing the period of military service—and increasing the numbers of the professional army at the same time. The worst of it is that M. Paul-Boncour is quite sincere and does not see anything funny in a disarmament applying only to peace-time and leaving each country free to train its whole male population for war.

Apart from its blunder on the military question, the Socialist Party is at the disadvantage of having no programme of immediate reforms. The Lyons congress, like its numerous predecessors during the last two or three years, did not find time to discuss that question. Has indeed any French party a practical programme? The Right perhaps has one, but it is purely negative. The Radical Party cannot have one, because it is neither homogeneous nor disciplined. There is an astonishing difference



between the Radicalism of the Senate, which represents the peasants, and the Radicalism of the Chamber. The Communist Party disdains a practical programme. Its programme is to make the revolution. In these circumstances it is not surprising that there is beginning to be a demand for a party of the Left that will do something else than merely talk about principles. A writer in the *VOLONTÉ* the other day pointed out how much there would be for such a party to do, and very wisely suggested that it should begin with public health. A party with a really comprehensive public health programme would have all its work cut out for years, for it would involve a frontal attack on vested interests—the interests of owners of house-property, manufacturers, small employers of labour, and all the others that profit by the lack of any effective sanitary regulations. It would also involve heavy expenditure and pressure on local authorities. The commune of Meudon, for instance, where I am at present living, has no main drainage system, and the houses are built over cesspools. It is considered to be one of the choicest “residential suburbs” of Paris.

This question of public health is the most urgent one in France, and nobody is interested in it. There is a lot of talk about the low birth-rate, but little or none about the high death-rate, which is what really matters. The birth-rate in fact is quite high enough. Last year it was 18.8 per thousand of the population, about the same as in England and Wales, but the death-rate was 17.5 per thousand, 50 per cent. higher than in England and Wales, and the death-rate of children under a year old was close on 10 per cent. of the children born. And the reason, of course, is that in matters of hygiene, public and private, France is not much above the level of the Balkan States.

There are plenty of other openings for practical reformers. For instance, the French judicial system, which has hardly been modified for centuries in its essentials, needs drastic changes. The mischief is that so few people in France realize how far behindhand the country is in many ways. And too many of the politicians of all parties think it enough to express fine sentiments in rhetorical language.

ROBERT DELL.

## THE PRINTED WORD

[Mr. Jeffery continues our discussion on the problems of the Book Industry in the following article.—ED., NATION.]

**M**R. J. D. BERESFORD'S “Hampdenhire Wonder” was a child endowed with a brain of such superhuman power that it was capable of absorbing all the accumulated knowledge of mankind, filling in the gaps and arriving at a comprehension of the universe. In the story this child reads through the whole of the “*Encyclopædia Britannica*” in three weeks and then looks up with a pitying smile and says: “Is this all?”

The idea is fantastic, perhaps, and, in a sense, it is terrifying too. But the episode serves as a reminder that the printed word is still our chief means of access to knowledge. It may not always be so, however. Already, by planting a pole in the garden and spending a few pounds on an electrical device, we can hear “Red” from Moscow or Wagner from Munich or the Football Results from 2 LO, according to our taste. Already, from a comfortable seat in a cinema, we can watch the life processes of newts, or the reception of the British troops at Shanghai, as the fancy takes us. Already television hovers on the brink of becoming

what is horrifically called a “commercial proposition.” But the fact remains that at present the human being who wishes to extend his knowledge of any subject whatsoever must, sooner or later, have recourse to books. This is still the age of the printed word.

That being so, it may seem strange at first that it should have been considered necessary to found an organization to encourage the British public to read more and with more discrimination.\* But it must be remembered that although everyone nowadays is taught “to read,” only a very small percentage of the population learns the uses—to say nothing of the real pleasures—of reading. Yet these, even in this enlightened era of broadcasting and “movies” and picture papers, remain worthy of attention.

The wiles of the advertiser have made the modern man suspicious-minded. Confronted with a hoarding which imperiously orders him to “Eat More Fruit and Be Fit” he is apt to think: “The fellows that paid for that don't care a bean whether I'm fit or not. They want to sell their apples!” In which surmise he is conceivably right! It follows, therefore, that a national organization whose slogan, if it had one, might be: “East More Fruit—of the Tree of Knowledge,” may expect to be looked at askance, at any rate at first. For the tendency of the public will be to say: “This is just a stunt on the part of publishers or booksellers—or both.” (It is unlikely that anyone would credit mere authors with the business acumen required for such a co-operative effort!) It is a tendency, however, which can be, and in fact is being, countered. For the organization is not proceeding on the aggressive lines of the up-to-date advertiser, who insists, with maddening iteration, that such and such an article is “the best.” Assistance, rather than insistence, is its policy.

It is an organization which deserves the support not only of those directly connected with the production of books but of anyone who has ever derived profit, knowledge, joy, or amusement from books and who is altruistic enough to wish that others may learn to do the same. For that, precisely, is the main object of the organization—to stimulate public interest in books and to supply would-be readers with information about books and reading. Associate Membership, for which anyone is eligible, costs no more than 5s. a year.

The activities of the organization are already widespread and are too numerous to be considered in detail here. It has arranged lectures all over the country; it is co-operating with Education Authorities, Schools, and Literary Societies; it has enlisted the services of many well-known authors to further its aims; it is instituting local Book Days and Book Weeks at suitable seasons. It has already prepared and distributed upwards of sixty “Lists of Books,” in print at the present time, on a great variety of subjects. These lists, prepared by acknowledged experts, have been highly appreciated in many different quarters.

The above, it is hoped, is enough to indicate the practical side of the work which this organization has undertaken. The aim behind that work—to impress upon the consciousness of the nation the fact that books are not a mere luxury or a mere diversion, but an inspiration, an essential education, and an equipment for life that admits of no substitute—is surely a worthy one, linking up naturally with Mr. Keynes's desire to “mobilize a mighty army, outnumbering Frothblowers and Gugnuncs and Mustard Clubmen, an army of Bookworms, pledged to spend £10 a year on books and, in the higher ranks of the Brotherhood, to buy a book a week.”

JEFFERY E. JEFFERY.

\* The National Book Council (Incorporated), 30, Little Russell Street, London, W.C.1

## LIFE AND POLITICS

**I**T was good to know that the alarming rumours from America about Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's health were overdone. Mr. MacDonald is not a strong man. He is too sensitive, too nervous to stand the racket of the party tumble without taking great care. I doubt whether he has ever properly recovered from the prolonged strain of his Premiership and the upheaval at the end of it. The news that Mr. Baldwin has been advised to cut down his engagements is another reminder of how the public life endangers the private life. There are exceptions of course, but it is safe to say that very few men have weathered the storm of statesmanship who have not been quite exceptionally dowered with health, and still more with the inestimable gift of shaking off worries. Most men who have done great things in politics have been exceptionally tough or exceptionally resilient. Success is with the politician who can stand outside his personality as it were, and laugh at it all now and then. In the nineteenth century the strain was probably greater than it is now; the personal responsibility of the leader was more concentrated. One has always admired and envied the happy buoyancy which has carried Mr. Lloyd George through terrible crises with unimpaired vitality. With him humour is the safeguard. He goes to sleep and does not worry—the saving capacity for statesmen as for children.

There is one interesting point in the china-tax controversy which seems to be overlooked (I am writing this before the debate). What Mr. Churchill has done is to clap a heavy tax on cheap foreign articles to protect a British luxury trade. That last is the proper description of the native industry in the excellent bone china of Staffordshire. The cheap articles are the felspar china of Germany and elsewhere. Why, one naturally asks—even the Committee was uneasy about this—do not the Longton people, instead of asking for protection, themselves attempt to develop the home manufacture of the cheap china? The ordinary reply, that felspar is not obtainable here, is not sufficient. We could get felspar from Scandinavia, as the Germans do. But there is more in the point than that. It was disclosed at the inquiry that the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research has spent a large sum in investigating this very matter of starting an industry in some alternative cheaper method of manufacture. The Department made a report, of which few people knew anything, until the Opposition at the inquiry wormed it out, to the effect that an article equivalent to felspar china could be made by the use of Cornish stone, which is plentiful in this country. Nothing was ever done about it because the pottery manufacturers were not interested and were unwilling to spend money on the necessary experiments. The fact is that the Longton makers have not seriously set about the job of competing with the foreigner in the production of cheap "utility" china. They have preferred the familiar method of persuading the Government to make the cheap foreign china dear.

The rise and progress of these orchestrated "stunts" in the group Press provide curious matter for study. There is a prelude in one organ; the theme is taken up by another differently timed, and soon all the noise-makers are blaring out the same (false) note. The climax is usually a species of community-singing—the letters from sympathizing readers. The instruments have done their work, and the voices take it up, as in an impious parody of the Ninth Symphony. A good, or bad, example was the recent concerted outburst in a popular group of papers over the new Companies Bill. The part of that measure which is

aimed at share hawking was assailed with all the resources of excited ignorance. The best opinion is that the Bill will not really stop the operations of the invading American share-pushers and their British pupils. That made no difference. The Bill was heartily and voluminously abused for what it does *not* do. Like the authors of the Bill these critics assumed that the dubious companies hawk shares from door to door. They are more subtle in their methods than that. We were told that it is no more wrong to peddle shares than it is to peddle vacuum cleaners or sewing machines. One obvious difference is that the purchaser can see the sewing machine and decide before buying whether it is what the salesman says it is, and whether it will work. The articles showed an astonishing ignorance, not merely of how the salesmanship of bogus shares is carried on, but of how ordinary business is done. Finally, an American expert joined the chorus with a screed which showed a more excusable lack of knowledge of our ways. Even in America, where share-pushing is a legitimate branch of the great art of selling people what they do not need, the authorities are beginning to see that something must be done.

Mr. Churchill indicated to us pipe-smokers in his Budget speech that the tobacco tax would not be passed on to the consumer. "Brutus is an honourable man." I find at the tobacconists that this fine assurance is not current there to any extent. It sounded too good to be true; there was clearly a catch in it. The tobacco people are, it seems, too thoroughly wedded to procedure in these matters to make an exception, and the time-honoured game of passing it on is being played, now that pre-Budget stocks are running out. In this connection I am impressed by the pathetic letters which shopkeepers are writing to the papers about the match tax. They are very bitter indeed because they cannot do what Mr. Churchill suggested that the tobacco people would not do if they could. Here is a tax which cannot be passed on to the buyer of the penny box as the English coinage does not contain issues sufficiently small to make it possible. The makers, wholesalers, and dealers are all right—they pass it on as quickly as if it were a lighted match, but the poor shopkeeper—unless he sells by gross—cannot keep it up. He burns his fingers. He has to pay the tax himself. Here is an injustice indeed. I must say I have a certain small but pleasing thrill of pleasure every time I pay a penny as before for a box of matches.

I should like to pay a compliment, belated but sincere, to the Southern Railway, for its recent exhibition of speed. I am not referring to the speed of the trains, though I might be eloquent on that. I mean the admirable promptitude of its manifesto against the electrical manufacturers' ring:—

"Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,  
But four times he who gets his blow in fust."

Or words to that effect. The Southern Railway showed the true diplomatic instinct. It is easy to imagine what would have happened if the news of an important railway contract going to Sweden had been allowed to make its unaided impression on the patriotic Press. The *DAILY EXPRESS* would have trumpeted for a week—"sending British money abroad" and all the rest of it. The Southern Railway blocked the line with a fine exhibition of indignation over the arrogance and unreasonableness of the ring. Best of all was the horror displayed over the discovery of this ring, and of its efforts to arrange prices, as if everyone did not know all about its existence, and the natural functions of rings in general. The effect was to reduce the Combine, not to silence, but to voluble embarrassment. The railway company had been a little too smart for them,



and so overwhelming was the attack that the delighted public accepted without much comment the notion that there was no question of price involved, or at least that the order did not go to Sweden for that reason. The Southern Railway is clearly an expert at the offensive defensive, or is it the defensive offensive?

I often wonder what Shakespeare, who longed above all things, as we may judge from the doggerel on the tomb, to be left in peace, would think of the mixed crowd of indiscriminate worshippers round the Stratford shrine. The swarm of types is perhaps greater and more extravagant than even his comic genius could use. He liked his "humours" in a simpler and quieter form; a village constable, or two senile squires were all the material he needed. An American idolator, an impresario fresh from a "record-breaking" tour, who went to the birthday celebration, was breathless with indignation at our neglect of Shakespeare "as an advertising medium." This artless Babbitt is amazed at the way we do not do things over here. He asks why we do not "boost" Shakespeare. The short reply is that we do: we boost him, we orate over him—we do nearly everything with him short of reading him and playing him. "Shakespeare as an advertising medium"—well, that is not the idiom of Stratford, but our critic should not lament for nothing. He is not the first to tread the "holy ground" with the resolute tread of the publicity man. He only shouts a little louder than the rest.

A sport, new in the South of England, greyhound racing with a mechanical hare, will be started on an elaborate scale in London this year. I have never seen it, but from the descriptions it would seem at first sight to be an affair the tameness of which is only redeemed by its harmlessness. People who have seen these races in the North tell me, on the other hand, that there is a good deal of fun for everyone—except the greyhounds, whose hopes of rending a live hare are cynically and repeatedly disappointed. One might suppose that greyhounds cannot be conspicuous for intelligence, if they allow themselves to be taken in more than once. It may be, of course, that they enjoy the racing for itself, as racehorses undoubtedly do. As a popular sport greyhound racing has the advantage over horse-racing that everyone in the amphitheatre can see the result, and it is a genuine race. There are no jockeys to control events. These beautiful creatures run at amazing speeds and wonderfully true to form, which last can be said of racehorses, only with many and disconcerting exceptions. It should be added that the new sport is unquestionably, in the North at any rate, a stimulus to small betting.

I have just done a wildly exciting and unconventional thing—I have spent two days at Brighton. It occurs to me that in some things the seaside imitation has marked advantages over the inland original. Brighton is intelligently organized for its great industry of feeding, lodging, and amusing the visitor. Its traffic is well managed, so as to avoid killing the week-end that pays the golden bill. London is not intelligently run from a directing centre; it just sprawls, and it tackles the population question by leaving some of the surplus to the motorist. Then Brighton is undeniably picturesque, and it keeps the flavour of the past which London despises and destroys. Regency London is being abolished under our eyes in favour of a styleless commercial uniformity. Brighton is worth a stay if only for its abundance of late Georgian architecture, which is still astonishingly plentiful, and as much of it is stout stuff in flint, it is safer than the flimsy London stucco. As crown of all there is the unique, the preposterous, the adorable

Pavilion—a perfect piece of Sitwellian decoration. (I wish the Sitwell family would make a mass attack in verse.) It is a mistake to regard Brighton as the last home of a certain virile and flamboyant vulgarity. There is the full flavour of the eighteenth century in the architectural poise and assurance of the front, to which the twentieth century has added only a few discordant notes, that ogles the sea from a hundred bow-windows.

KAPPA.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### THE GOVERNMENT'S PLEDGE ON EQUAL FRANCHISE

SIR,—Judging by Kappa's comments in your last issue on Mr. Baldwin's promised legislation to give votes to women on the same terms as to men at the next General Election, he either holds strange ideas as to the obligations entailed by pledges or, more probably, has not troubled to acquaint himself with the exact terms of the pledge in question. Here it is, as given by the Home Secretary in the House of Commons on February 20th, 1925, in the presence of the Prime Minister and on his behalf and that of the whole Government:—

"SIR W. JOYNSON-HICKS: I quite agree with the Right Hon. Gentleman (Mr. A. Henderson), that there are terrible anomalies in the present system of woman suffrage. . . . These are anomalies which must be dealt with and, I say at once, will be dealt with and swept away. HON. MEMBERS: When? SIR W. JOYNSON-HICKS: During the life-time of the present Parliament. . . . I have the authority of my Right Hon. Friend, who is at my side, to say, as all the House knows would be the case, that he stands by that pledge. One of the attributes of my Right Hon. Friend is that he does stand by his pledges, and I say to-day he stands absolutely, textually, and in spirit by that pledge. What does that pledge mean? . . . There is no dispute whatever as to the Prime Minister's pledge or its meaning and intention, and we do mean to carry out that pledge. We do mean to give equal political rights to men and women, but we desire to do it by agreement. . . . The Prime Minister adheres to his statement. It will be carried out. HON. MEMBERS: When? SIR W. JOYNSON-HICKS: It will be carried out by this Parliament. VISCOUNTESS ASTOR: Votes at twenty-one? SIR W. JOYNSON-HICKS: Equal rights for men and women. MISS WILKINSON: Are you going to take the vote from some of the men? SIR W. JOYNSON-HICKS: It would be exceedingly difficult to take away anything that the men have at the present time. It shows the difficulties of the situation. I have tried, really in a non-party spirit, to put before the House the difficulties, and I have pledged myself and the Government, of which my Right Hon. Friend is the Leader, again in the spirit and in the letter to that pledge which has been referred to to-day, and that pledge will be carried out."

I scarcely think that a more completely binding and unqualified pledge can ever have been given by any Government on any subject. Kappa suggests that Mr. Baldwin has "perhaps over-honoured" his pledge in undertaking to carry it out. How, then, should he have wriggled out of it?

Kappa further says that:—

"The Government was quite as definitely committed to an All-Party Conference on the inter-locked problems of franchise extension, electoral reform, and redistribution."

This is not the case. The references to a Conference, &c., both by the Prime Minister before the General Election and by the Home Secretary, carefully avoided the form of a definite pledge, except that the Government would "propose" that the matter be referred to a Conference, and that they "desire that the question of the extension of the franchise should, if possible, be settled by agreement." (Mr. Baldwin.)

"Similarly, the Home Secretary suggested . . . that we should confer together in regard to all these difficult questions . . . we think there should be a Conference between all Parties. Of course, a measure of this kind must be followed by redistribution proposals. That is a matter of difficulty, and it should also be the subject of a Conference. . . . A Conference will be held—that is my proposal—at which all Parties will be asked to be present, and they will then be asked to consider how the Prime Minister's pledge can best be carried out."

As this was to be an all-party Conference to consider how, not whether, the pledge should be carried out, the

refusal of the Labour Party to take part in it clearly made it impossible.

In the same issue of THE NATION appeared Mrs. Woolf's amusing review of the life of Emily Davies, recording the prejudices she had to struggle against, such as the dicta of the SATURDAY REVIEW, "There is a strong and ineradicable male instinct that a learned, or even an accomplished, young woman is the most intolerable monster in creation"; and of Mr. Greg, "that the essentials of a woman's being are that they are supported by and they minister to men." The attitude of Kappa and of numerous other male journalists—Conservative, Liberal, and Labour—on the subject of equal franchise reminds one that the spirit of the SATURDAY REVIEW and of Mr. Greg still walks abroad, though it now walks disguised. How, otherwise, can one account for the fact that the addition of 5,000,000 new voters to the register, including the vast majority of women who work for their living, 2,000,000 of them over thirty and 3,700,000 of them over twenty-five, has in most journals been thought worthy of no other comment than a dozen or twenty lines of ill-formed, ill-natured, and contemptuous comment, most of them implying that the only people affected are "girls of twenty-one"? Is it credible that if these five million new voters had been men the event would have been so treated? Remember that the industrial or professional woman has to fight against the acute jealousy of her male competitors; that her labour is in many cases regulated by laws which do not apply to these male competitors; that they are at present represented in Parliament, while she is not. Is it not obvious that there is an "ineradicable male instinct"—in some men, fortunately not in all—which approves this state of affairs, and which, ashamed to defend it openly, seeks to perpetuate it by suppressing or misrepresenting the facts. I, at least, can think of no other explanation.—Yours, &c.,

ELEANOR F. RATHBONE.

[Kappa writes: "I was acquainted with the terms of the pledge which Miss Rathbone quotes. It was a pledge to remove the 'anomalies' in the system of woman suffrage. Its terms show, I think, the accuracy of the suggestion in my note that the Cabinet was at that time—as it was until the eve of the announcement—undecided upon the method by which those anomalies were to be removed within the pledge to give 'equal political rights to men and women.' It is a matter of opinion whether this pledge was or was not 'over-honoured' by giving votes to women at twenty-one. I think also that it can be maintained that the Government was pledged to a non-party Conference on electoral reform and redistribution—the point of my note was to express the opinion that it would have been better to carry out the whole of the reforms by that method instead of isolating the question of equal voting rights for women and men. The fact that Miss Rathbone attaches superior importance to the pledge concerning woman suffrage does not alter that opinion. I do not believe, as I said, that the Labour Party would necessarily have persisted in their refusal to take part in such a Conference. I repudiate Miss Rathbone's assumption that I agree with the SATURDAY REVIEW about learned women, &c. May I suggest that Miss Rathbone's indignation is sent to the wrong address?]

### "THE CANT OF ECONOMY"

SIR,—One cannot but admire your tenacity in still holding the opinion that the Government made a mistake in restoring the Gold Standard in 1925, although I believe you will find very few people to agree with you. I gather that you are not opposed to the restoration, but did not think the time opportune. Many Liberals are of the contrary opinion, first, because common honesty demanded it, and, secondly, because they thought the time most opportune, and have seen nothing since to alter their opinion. No doubt it entailed some distress. That is the price we have had to pay for departing from sound principles.

May I appeal to you? You state that it is impossible now to go back upon the Gold Standard, then why not leave it alone? Many of us desire that the Liberal Party should maintain the Liberal tradition in sound finance. The restoration of the Gold Standard was brought about largely through the activities of Liberals, and you would deny us

any satisfaction. Don't do that. I am glad, however, that we are united in a demand for economy.—Yours, &c.,

April 25th, 1927.

D. M. MASON.

[It is painful to have to respond to this appeal by denying Mr. Mason further satisfaction; but candour compels us to observe that our attitude towards an undefined "demand for economy" was summarized in the title, which Mr. Mason reproduces as the heading to his letter. As regards Mr. Mason's complaint, we are sorry to irritate him, and doubtless other readers, by harking back to the Gold Standard; but our position is as follows. Whether it was wise or not to restore the Gold Standard two years ago is now, we agree, a question of academic and polemic interest only. There were various advantages to set against the drawbacks—e.g., the strengthening of London's position as a financial centre, and the removal of uncertainty as to our future policy. Where the balance of advantage lay is a fair matter for argument. But whatever the balance of advantage, it is important—practically important—to recognize that the disadvantages have in fact proceeded from this cause: because otherwise we shall falsely attribute them to something else. This, indeed, is what we are now busy doing. No contention has been put forward more insistently during the past year or so, or with a more assured air of unimpeachable sagacity than the contention that our high level of taxation is mainly responsible for our economic troubles, and that our enormous unemployment *proves* that we cannot afford an £800 million Budget. This doctrine is, in our view, utterly fantastic; it has not even the plausibility of *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*; for, after all, trade was making good progress in 1924, and Mr. Churchill did not raise the income tax in 1925; he took sixpence off. The doctrine has received no support from reputable authority, such as the Colwyn Committee. None the less this false diagnosis is complacently accepted as though it were an integral part of "sound finance"; and we are threatened accordingly with silly futilities such as the winding-up of post-war Ministries, and with more serious dangers of social reaction. In view of such dangers, we cannot promise to refrain from pointing out that the difficulties of our export industries are far more attributable to an exchange of \$4.86 than to an income tax of 4s., and that the disappointing income-tax yield is far more attributable to the falling tendency of prices than to any "bending under the strain" of so high a rate.—ED. NATION.]

### RECIPROCITY OF COMMUNICATIONS

SIR,—Your reading of Dutch history is, I confess, new to me. As regards, however, your desire to increase the military power of Belgium, does it not seem ominous for the world's peace to do so by creating a new right for States to dispose of their neutral neighbours' territory, in case of convenience? When Belgium, off her coming of age, pressed for such favours of conquest, the Supreme Council of the Allied Powers refused to countenance so perilous a precedent, and, leaving her to treat directly with the Northern Netherlands, by its instructions of June 20th, 1919, expressly excluded from these negotiations any "transfer of territorial sovereignty or the imposition of international servitudes." Therefore, in deeming "equitable" a military "readjustment of jurisdictional rights" in favour of Belgium and with the infringement of Dutch independence at home, you even outdistance the wisdom of triumphant Versailles.—Yours, &c.,

I. I. BRANTS,

London Editor of the AMSTERDAM HANDELSBLAD.

Wildwood House, N.W.11.

[As we shall not have space for continuing this discussion further, we take the opportunity of answering both this letter and a most interesting Memorandum which we recently received on the same subject. The Scheldt negotiations involved the question of sovereignty over the entrance to the Scheldt and the question of Antwerp's commercial development. In our opinion the Dutch Government would have removed the Belgian grievance by being easy on the jurisdictional question, and by admitting Belgium to some kind of joint sovereignty over the mouth of the Scheldt. After making this concession they would have been perfectly justified if they had refused to discuss politico-com-



mercial projects for the development of Antwerp's communications inland. In our opinion the Belgians can claim, on principles of natural equity, that Antwerp shall have the ordinary status of an ordinary national harbour; and that the Belgian Government shall have the power of carrying out such dredging, buoyage, and lighting in the Wielingen as is necessary to Antwerp's commercial development. So long as the Dutch Government stands to the jurisdictional rights acquired by the *uti possidetis* clause in the Westphalian treaties, Antwerp will not have the status of an ordinary national harbour. As the Dutch Government could make a concession on this point without ceding a square millimetre of territory, and without prejudice to their country's trade and commerce, we think they might be well advised to do it.—ED., NATION.]

### ARE BOOKS TOO DEAR?

SIR,—Mr. Clive Bell writes as if publishers had never made the experiment of "putting on the market a large cheap edition of a reputable book." If he had ever examined the records of publishing houses which have become insolvent, he would have found them strewn with evidence of experiments of this kind. We are all tempted at times to print larger editions than past experience shows is wise in order to reduce published prices, but the resultant increased sale is never commensurate with the increased risk, for the reasons which Mr. Keynes so carefully set forth. Books are not published at fantastic prices; they are cheaper, relatively to the cost of their production, than they have ever been. I have already given your readers the facts and figures, and, although they have received large publicity, no one has yet disputed their accuracy.—Yours, &c.,

STANLEY UNWIN.

London, W.C.1.

April 20th, 1927.

### BOOKS AND THE PUBLIC

SIR,—Will you allow a reader abroad to express his views on the book question?

The book-loving part of the public is the part worst off in after-war conditions, but books are something they cannot do without, and they will find the books in the literary weeklies and buy as many as they can afford, but it is no use telling them to buy more books, they will do their uttermost, but they are few in numbers.

Abroad there is a very big demand for English books only limited by the price, which is too high, as everybody is used to Continental prices. Some novels can be bought cheap in Continental editions, but there are other and more essential books than novels.

At a time when everybody writes about British films it seems quite forgotten what the export of British books means. Books carry trade as well as films, but they carry something besides, the understanding of what England stands for and of the work done in England in every direction.

But how create a demand at home for books which will lower the price at home and abroad? It is no use running down the bookselling system, it is bad enough, but give the bookseller a chance and there will be some enterprising people who will make the most of it.

The main fault is that the great public in England does not get to know about the new books.

The newspapers do not give a decent space for book criticism, probably because it does not pay the publisher to advertise—about this see Unwin in "The Truth About Publishing."

If that could be altered everything would be altered for the better. The prices would go down, and the demand would soar, and the prices would go further down, and the bookselling trade would flourish and get bettered.

The to be or not to be of the book question is to get the newspapers to write about books before they can expect any advertisements, they will come with the bigger demand for books, but cannot come at the present price of books.

Somebody with authority should explain what cheap books means for England at home and abroad, and what the newspapers could do in this respect.

The man who could get a "quota" for books in the newspapers would have done more for England than the creator of an English "Hollywood."

May I finish by pointing out that "Daventry" could do a lot for English books at home and abroad?—Yours, &c.,

KARSTEN MEYER.

"Ty gwyn," Lemchesvej, Hellerup, Denmark.

April 18th, 1927.

### THRIFT SOCIETIES AND NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

SIR,—I wish you would add the publicity your paper can give to a statement made by Mr. Enoch Hill at the meeting of the Halifax Permanent Building Society on the evening of March 28th. I have heard him make the same remarks at Conferences and other places, but the importance of it seems to escape the attention of the Press.

The Revenue Authorities, in maintaining the high rate of interest on National Savings Certificates, directly compete with Savings Banks and Societies for the encouragement of thrift amongst the working people. National Savings Certificates are entirely free from obligation as to payment of income tax, whether the owners are liable or not. The Thrift Societies have to pay income tax on the small investors' savings, who are mainly not liable to pay tax, and are put to all the trouble and inconvenience of repayment claims.

The effects of this are more widespread than appears on the surface. First, the high rate of interest makes it necessary for Building Societies to offer a high rate for money needed to finance housing—and in addition to the effect on the Societies mentioned, the rate of interest which Local Authorities have to offer is also kept on a high level, and last week we saw that an Authority as sound as the London County Council had failed to obtain money needed (in the sense that a large proportion of the offer was left in the hands of underwriters), because they had ventured to offer the public an investment at less than 5 per cent.

I think the public would be amazed if they knew what the effect on cost of living would be if the rate was at, say, 4 per cent., which used to be considered a fair return for Corporation loans and similar investments.

The cost of financing House Building, and consequently the high rents that have to be maintained, is perhaps the chief obvious disadvantage of the trouble which Mr. Hill maintains is due to this one cause, and I want to say that prosperity in every trade is directly held back.

This country is not short of money, but all traders need credit, and the Revenue Authorities are themselves making it impossible for the people to get credit on anything like pre-war terms.—Yours, &c.,

April 24th, 1927. "BUILDING SOCIETY DIRECTOR."

### OUR WELL-DRESSED CROWDS

SIR,—Kappa's remarks in your issue of April 23rd respecting the uniformity of women's dresses and improvement in taste displayed in the Bank Holiday crowds in various parts of London to my mind but touches the fringes of a noticeably marked improvement in the culture of masses of the inhabitants of the Metropolis since pre-war times. To what is it due? True, there was an undoubted upward tendency before 1914, but during and since the great upheaval the rate of progress has been much accelerated. The problem has interested me for some time, and rightly or wrongly I have come to the conclusion that one of the chief factors is the huge increase in the employment of young women in business.

Thousands of them flock from the East End, the North, South, and West to the City and West End business houses. A uniformity of taste and habit are bound to accrue from such co-mingling. An upraising in the matter of dress would be an obvious outcome, and its influence would naturally penetrate to the homes in the poorer localities. Fortunately the improvement is not confined to dress alone. There is also a marked improvement in personal behaviour and in the use of the Mother tongue. The misplaced aspirate and the clipping of the final "g" is far less noticeable than hitherto.

The improvement is naturally much more marked amongst the younger women than is the case with the men, who mix to a smaller extent with the better educated. But female influence is insidious in its working, and will produce its harvest in due time.—Yours, &c.,

LONDON EAST ANGLIAN.

### THE ORCHESTRAL MUDDLE

SIR,—Dr. Eaglefield Hull in his admirable article asks, "Could the L.C.C. do something?" but expresses his doubt whether a farthing rate to support the Queen's Hall Orchestra would be fair to the average Londoner. Surely, sir, looking at this rate as a matter of business, London would get the same commercial advantage out of such an expenditure as do Bournemouth and other pleasure resorts in subsidizing their orchestras, for London contains a far larger number of pleasure-seekers, whether residents or visitors, than any other city or town in the kingdom. Many people come to London for their holidays, and one of the attractions is undoubtedly music, as the great majority of provincial towns have no means wherewith to satisfy the appetites of their inhabitants in this respect. The Promenade Concerts bring many people to London for, at any rate, part of their holidays, and it seems safe to presume that the money they spend in shops, restaurants, hotels or lodgings must benefit a large proportion of the rate-payers.

Is there not a single member of the L.C.C. who would bring a motion forward at one of that body's meetings, so that the above proposal could at any rate be discussed?—Yours, &c.,

J. EDRIC H. BARWELL.

Evening Hill, Park Lane, Norwich.

SIR,—An interesting article by Dr. Eaglefield Hull appears in your issue of April 23rd.

I notice that the writer has fallen into a serious error in stating that Manchester maintains its own Orchestra by a grant of £5,000 a year. The Hallé Orchestra has no grant whatever, and is supported entirely by a system of private guarantees.—Yours, &c.,

HAMILTON HARTY.

126, Deansgate, Manchester.

### HENLEY AND LISTER

SIR,—In your issue of April 9th, over the name of Kappa, there is a short appreciation of Lister and his service to mankind. What he did for Henley is cited as illustration. Their meeting is said to have been in Glasgow. As a matter of fact it was in Edinburgh Royal Infirmary in 1875. I have not a life of either man at hand, but I know that it was not here that Henley was under the care of Lister. It was while in the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary that R. L. Stevenson was brought to see Henley by Leslie Stephen.

The reference to the "dismal, ill-equipped wards of the old Glasgow Infirmary" is of doubtful value. The surgical building of the Glasgow Royal Infirmary when Lister took duty there in 1861 had only been open for two years. Their "dismalness" was at all events due neither to their age nor their construction. It was to disappear with the changes that Lister wrought while they served for fifty years more, and they were replaced by the present hospital.

For details of the relations of Henley and Lister I am indebted to an article in the CRIPPLES' JOURNAL for April by Francis Brett Young.—Yours, &c.,

H. R.

Glasgow.

### THE THIRTEENTH CENTENARY OF KING EDWIN'S BAPTISM

SIR,—Is Kappa quite fair to Cardinal Bourne when he says: "It is rather startling to hear a Roman Catholic prelate claiming the exclusive title of his people to keep this centenary"? This statement made me re-read the Cardinal's sermon, and I find that, on the contrary, he at the outset said, "We make no complaint if those who do not share our belief nor our religious allegiance give public expression to their rejoicing in this centenary"; how does Kappa's assertion tally with this? His Eminence, undoubtedly, went on to say that "the Church of England is

in no way connected in faith or in ecclesiastical law or authority with the Catholic Church, which, from the days of Paulinus until the religious upheaval of the sixteenth century, was the sole spiritual teacher and guide of the people of this country." But was he not entitled to say this, for did not a breach happen in the sixteenth century with the Church to which St. Paulinus belonged, the Church of Rome, which has been the centre of unity since apostolic times? The Cardinal was surely justified in stating the Catholic view, the Roman Catholic view if you will, that the Anglican Archbishop of York of to-day does not hold the faith which St. Paulinus held nor worship as he did, and therefore he cannot rejoice in King Edwin's baptism as do those who still hold the faith of St. Paulinus and worship God in the Mass as St. Paulinus did. There has been, alas! no Mass in York Minster for nigh four hundred years. By all means let Anglicans and Protestants of every hue "give public expression to their rejoicing in this centenary." The Cardinal does not claim this right exclusively for his co-religionists, as Kappa says. On the contrary, we are glad that the sacrament of baptism conferred on King Edwin should be so highly esteemed by our separated brethren and be commemorated by them.

I feel sure that Kappa did not intend any injustice to the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, but I think he did not do justice to his sermon when he read it.—Yours, &c.,

April 25th, 1927.

CHAS. ROBERTSON.

### SUNDAY SCHOOLS

SIR,—The Committee of the London Domestic Mission Society are considering certain proposals aiming at increased efficiency and attractiveness in their Sunday Schools.

They are of opinion that, speaking generally, the present procedure in Sunday Schools is not adapted to modern needs; this, added to the great and increasing difficulty of obtaining a regular staff of teachers every Sunday, seems to them to render a new departure imperatively necessary. But before arriving at definite conclusions as to details, they would like to confer with others interested in the subject and with fresh ideas as to the best way of conducting a modern Sunday School; or who would be willing to serve, say, one Sunday per month in a reconstructed School. They will be grateful if any such persons will kindly communicate, by letter, with either of the undersigned, that a meeting with their S. S. Sub-Committee may be arranged.—Yours, &c.,

(Mrs. H. J.) S. EVELEGH,

Chairman, L. D. M. Society,  
63, Canfield Gardens, N.W.6.

E. F. GRUNDY,

Hon. Secretary, S.S. Sub-Committee,  
14, Thurlow Road, N.W.3.

### EXAMINATIONS

SIR,—Are not public examinations made far too hard to-day, unnecessarily hard? Take, for example, the Chartered Accountants' Preliminary Examination. The entrant is forced to take, among other things, papers in Geography and History, the last of which includes the whole period of English History to the present day. Yet surely one who passes in all save the last mentioned paper is not necessarily unsuited to the profession he desires to undertake. Surely whether he gives a creditable performance at Geography or not makes little difference.

Again, very few men develop until they reach the age of twenty, or even twenty-two, yet the majority have to take these examinations when three or more years below that age, and it is often the case that the genius does not make the best business man. Would it not be better to limit the papers to three, and this especially applies to the aforementioned examination—Mathematics, which is, of course, essential; a modern language, such as French; and a General Knowledge paper, embodying Geography, History, and English. I may add that I am not alone in my opinions, as your readers probably know.—Yours, &c.,

R. LEIGHTON HOUGHTON.

Moorgate, Gough Road, Edgbaston.



## RECREATIONS

By ALDOUS HUXLEY.

"NEITHER Discus nor Javelin Throwing is practised at Oxford and Cambridge." I blush to record the humiliating fact. "The Hammer Throwing event has been abandoned." And we deny that Britain is decadent—vainly indeed while "these Events are regular features at all American and foreign schools, colleges and universities." The only comfort is that we are still unique in possessing cricket; that we have more golf links per square mile of territory than any other people in the world; that our football and racing crowds are more numerous than those of any other European nation; and that all the world records for walking, from eleven to twenty-five miles, are held by British walkers. It is still just possible to be an Englishman and proud of the fact. And even if our sport is not the unique and supreme affair that once it was, ours is at least the credit of having invented the now international word.

Sport. . . . Sport. . . . I shut my eyes and see a whole city streaming out on a fine Derby Day towards Epsom Downs. I see people sitting under umbrellas watching the Oxford and Cambridge sports; people in mackintoshes watching the Oxford and Cambridge boat race, in top hats watching the Eton and Harrow match. I see stout men practising golf strokes, again and again. I see grouse shooters and pheasant shooters, Italian sparrow shooters and thrush trappers, crocodile shooters in India getting sunstroke, big game shooters in Malaya picking the leeches off their legs. And opening my eyes again, I examine the reality that lies outside my windows—pink Dolomite crags against the blue sky and, in the foreground, snow slopes with people on skis practising Telemarks and Christianias, hour after hour, on the trodden surface. A sledge jingles down the road carrying the victims of a bob-sleigh accident—two men with all the skin scraped off their faces and a broken leg or two. And in other sections of the landscape the skaters are working indefatigably at their outside edges; the ski jumpers hurtle into space and are carried home on stretchers; the amateurs of mountaineering toil up in search of avalanches and precipices; the dowagers and the old gentlemen who can only look on at the activities of their juniors make their way over the slippery snow with the gestures of tight-rope walkers. Admirable is the industry of the Telemarkers and the skaters, magnificent the daring of bob-sleigh racers and ski jumpers, worthy of better causes the courageous endurance of the mountaineers. I admire, but I feel not the slightest desire to emulate, their achievements. Content, if I can enjoy myself, to ski quite badly, unambitious of becoming an expert, I go out sliding for an hour or two each afternoon in search of health and landscapes. The idea of working like a galley-slave, training like a circus performer, risking life and limb like a soldier—all in the name of recreation—does not appeal to me. Still less does the idea of standing or sitting about, watching other people do these things. The truth is, I am afraid, that I lack the sporting spirit.

And it is not only sport that leaves me cold. I find that I care as little for those indoor activities which my contemporaries compendiously describe as "a Good Time." In the evening the hard-working sportsmen and sportswomen come in from the snow slopes and the rinks, bathe, change, eat, and then devote themselves with an extraordinary energy to having the Good Time which the proprietors of their hotels so thoughtfully provide for them. The jazz bands strike up, making dreadfully barbaric music,

hour after hour. The Good Timers dance. In the blessed intervals of silence, they sit about and smoke and chatter and drink. The caterwauling begins again. His Master's Voice; obediently the Good Timers rise to their feet, begin once more to dance. And the air becomes thicker and smokier and hotter and more fetid, until at last, towards one or two in the morning, the Good Time comes to an end. And all over the world, in thousands upon thousands of hotels and cabarets, casinos and restaurants and night clubs, an exactly similar Good Time is being supplied, ready made and standardized, by those whose business it is to sell it. These Good Timers among the Dolomites are indistinguishable from the Good Timers of London and Shanghai, of Vienna and Sydney and New York. Hour after hour, with the weary persistence of slaves obeying an order, the dumb patience of trained and performing animals, they trot and trot, they wag the legs and agitate the hams. Looking at them, I am looking at the Good Timers of an entire planet. Here, in the Dolomites, I survey prosperous mankind enjoying itself from China to Peru. The spectacle, I must confess, seems to me rather depressing.

No sportsman myself, and a confirmed disliker of Good Times, I sometimes wonder whether all the people I see heroically sacrificing themselves to their amusements are really enjoying the process as much as they profess or, at any rate, are popularly assumed to be doing. I am surely not unique; there must be others like me. Certainly, many of the presumed enjoyers look bored and melancholy enough. And when I consider that our extravagant enthusiasm for sport and a Good Time is a thing of very recent growth, I find my suspicions increased. I am not old; but even I can remember a time when things were very different from what they are at present. I can remember a time, for example, when the Continent of Europe was almost absolutely innocent of most forms of organized sport, when there was no such thing as regular after-dinner and tea-time dancing in any English hotel, when winter sports were, if not in their infancy, at least in their adolescence, when mixed tennis was a gentle patting, and the standard of achievement in every sport was vastly lower than it is to-day, when amateur athletics were still amateurish, when few Americans played golf and no Frenchmen boxed, and the Discus was thrown by none but Finns. Such was the state of things when I was a boy.

To-day, less than twenty years later, the traditional Anglo-Saxon interest in organized sport has spread, and is still spreading, like an infection through every country of the world. In every athletic activity the standard of performance has been raised to an unprecedentedly high pitch, and the amateur of to-day devotes as much time, thought, and hard work to perfecting himself at his favourite sports as did the professional of an earlier generation. At the same time the taste for looking on has spread. The modern football match draws more spectators than did the gladiatorial shows of ancient Rome. For a good seat at a prize fight or a contest between tennis champions, enormous prices are paid. The organizing of sport has become an important and lucrative profession. So has the organization of Good Times. Every self-respecting hotel and restaurant now has its jazz band, and the jazz band earns its keep. For the habit of lounging about in places of public entertainment, of dancing regularly in the afternoon and evening has spread throughout the whole of the more prosperous sections of the community. In contemporary life, sport and a

Good Time have assumed an importance which, I think it would be true to say, they have never possessed before in the whole of recorded history.

Games, dancing, and social amusements in general are, in some sort, biological necessities. Even animals play together or by themselves, dance and perform curious rituals at the mating season. All human societies have their sports, dances, and communal recreations. It would be astonishing, it would even be deplorable if we were without them. There is nothing strange in the fact that we should be interested in sport and Good Times. In our grandfathers' day people were probably too little interested in these things, had too few opportunities to be interested. Town dwellers, even the more prosperous of them, got too little exercise and healthy amusement. Puritanism did not allow youth's time to be good enough. There has been a violent and sustained reaction. For the middle and upper classes of contemporary society sport is no longer the means to a recreative and hygienic end; it is an end in itself, an absolute good. And the Good Time has become habitual, a daily necessity, not an occasional refreshment. We have come to take our recreations too seriously. We have made of amusement a regular, important, whole-time business. Our ancestors had more wisdom:—

"Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,  
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,  
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,  
Or captain jewels in the carcanet."

## THE STUDENT AND THE FEATHER

THE student looked out of his high window. The houses in the street were all exactly alike. They were tall, old and flat-faced, with old-fashioned gables on top. They had seen better days and now they were sooty. Sometimes the student dreamed they were clean and neat, and the noble doorways with the fine fanlights flashed their rich paint and gilded carving aristocratically up and down the street. The doorways had still an air of impressiveness about them. They arched themselves disdainfully as if stretching in a sleep of boredom. "How impossible really!" they seemed to say. The student looked at them critically. Certainly it was absurd of them to delude themselves. Their glory was gone, they were unattractive. Upon the subject of delusion the student was prepared to be quite emphatic. But at that moment the sun like a round crimson flower stared in at his window and in the dusty sunset glow floated a tiny feather. It was the prettiest, the most beautiful feather he had ever seen. It was blue air and white threads with a silver rib holding it together. Floating into the sunset it turned to a chip of gold. Suddenly the student jumped on to the window seat. He was agile and small. He craned his brown strong neck, like a bird's neck, right out. His domed forehead exposed to the sun turned to gold, his soft black hair to pale slate. His blue eyes were alight, his troubled mouth opened in a comical smile. He stretched out his hand to catch the feather.

Then something curious happened. It brushed his hand, coy and soft and shy. But instead of catching it he drew back a little; he remained fixed half in, half out of the window. Over his bright eyes crept something dark and vague as if a light went suddenly out. Shaking his head from side to side he pursed up his lips curiously. What an ordinary little feather it was! A bit of rib and small hair, rather grey now drifting out of the sun. Grey and naked looking. It would be absurd to get excited about

it. Probably the pigeon on the gable opposite. . . . Of course the wind was exciting, soft, tender, passionate; but after all unreliable. The south-west wind, a vagarious, freakish, unreliable wind. . . . He glanced casually down. The feather was blowing right and left. It fell down, down. Then a boy caught it and put it in his cap.

The student went back to his table. Sitting down to his books he opened "The Nature of Delusion" and began solemnly to read.

The next morning he was up early. He had forgotten all about the feather. His room looked clean and tidy. The stiff leather chairs in which nobody ever sat had been freshly polished. "Somebody is coming," they said plainly, "somebody is coming to sit in us." There was a dish of fruit on the writing table and a pot of daffodils. The student glanced across to the old houses, but he was much too busy to consider them this morning. He gave them a friendly nod and continued to part his hair, staring gravely into a tiny pocket mirror. Somebody was running up the stairs. The student propped the mirror hurriedly on the mantelpiece, the comb he thrust into the brush. She was at the door.

"Well, how are we this morning?"

"Very well, very well," said her voice, and soon she was dancing round his room. She was thin and bright and wild, with a lightness about her like a feather. The colour crept up high on her cheek bones, her lips were fine thin red. There was a thin fierceness in her blue eyes and about her whole body. She had downy curly light hair.

"Did you get home quite safely?"

"Of course I did."

"I nearly wrote you a letter."

"Nearly! You're always *nearly* doing things. What was in it?"

"My dear, we mustn't do that."

"What do you mean?"

"That's what the letter said. 'My dear, we mustn't do that.'"

"Is that all?" She stamped her foot. "We must, we must. I say so. Damn!" She was talking quickly now, about freedom and will and being decided, about conduct in love and taking what one wanted, carving a path finely and damning the consequences. Her cheeks flamed bright as she talked. The student had confused ideas of pink plumed clouds, of golden feathers. His heart thumped against his coat, his eyes had two bright fires in them, his lips were parted in a smile.

"Don't eternally consider," she said. "Jump. Do something. That's happiness, life. Oh, I'm sure of it."

"Yes, O wise one!" said the student. A beam of sun shone on his heavy head. His brow turned to gold. A whole shroud of light seemed to shine round him. His body was trembling. His face was so bright it was painful to see.

"Act. Decide. Be definite! We are so muddled. There's nothing splendid about us, nothing inevitable. We wait and we think, we're so careful. And then? Nothing happens, nothing ever happens. Oh, to carve our way finely"—her eyes flashed their blue fire at him—"to carve our way finely! Live romantically, rashly! Down into the depths if need be!" Her voice had little creepy tones in it, she spoke breathlessly. "We're such cowards. And men are worse cowards than women. If I were a man I would —"

"Well?"

"I'd take things. There! Risk everything and take. Like the old knights in the story books. I'd come on a fine black charger . . ."

"Must it be a black one?" he said, but more to give



himself time. She stamped her foot. Then to the student everything turned upside down. The air sparkled like bright rain showering around her little figure with the hair blowing in the breeze through the open window. The chairs stood up on one leg, and all the books on the table opened of themselves, exposing their philosophical inaccuracy. Life itself seemed to open, showing the most vivid sunniness, and down the middle of it she danced, a thing of air and gold.

"Ah! Ah!" His voice came out like a sob. She was so close to him, soft and wild and bright. He lifted up his arms. Then something curious happened. He did not touch her. His arms dropped suddenly to his side. Over his bright eyes crept something dark and vague; cold. He pursed up his lips curiously. . . . People deceive themselves so easily! It was all quite simple, and perfectly natural. Quite to be expected in fact. Love indeed! The student shook his head. "We're getting excited," he said. "Both of us."

She sprang away from him. "You're—you're—Oh! . . . You don't understand one bit. We are young, do you hear me? But soon we shall be old. Old and—ugly. Wisdom, seeing things for what they really are, all that stuff you talk, what good does it do?" He bowed his head. "None whatever," he said.

She was several paces away from him now. He remarked how she stepped away, or floated perhaps while his hands hung motionless. A light as of tears struggled in his eyes.

"Don't go," he said. "I —"

But she had walked to the window. "What kind of a man is Dr. S——?" she remarked presently. "Is he interesting?"

"Eh?"

"Dr. S——?"

"Oh, very interesting. Now he's thoroughly romantic if you like. Things happen to him all right. . . . No, no. You mustn't go."

"I must. I've got to work. I'm busy."

"No."

"Don't be silly. I'm in a hurry. I only came in for a few minutes."

"When shall I see you?"

"I don't know." She was going to the door.

"The feather blew right and left. It fell down, down," murmured the student.

"What did you say?" she asked vaguely.

"A boy caught it —" But she was gone.

ENA LIMEBEER.

## PLAYS AND PICTURES

"MARIGOLD," a new play, by L. Allen Harker and F. R. Pryor, which has succeeded "Così Fan Tutte" at the Kingsway Theatre, is a Scottish comedy in an early Victorian setting of the "fragrant" variety popularized by Sir J. M. Barrie. It is mild and pleasant enough and well put together (though it would be better for a little cutting), and is immensely improved by the very charming acting of Miss Jean Cadell as the "meenister's" wife; she is well supported by Miss Angela Baddeley, who looks extremely pretty in a poke bonnet and crinoline. The rest of the cast, with the exception of Miss Agnes Lowson, who gives an amusing study of a Scottish maidservant, is rather uninteresting, and some of the Scots accents were a little shaky. The Victorian atmosphere is heavy with romantic improbability, but this, and, even more, talk about "jeelies" and remarks such as "dinna fash versel," may be calculated to make a London audience

wriggle with delight. The plot is not very original: a young lady brought up in the boring atmosphere of a country manse runs away, at the invitation of a dashing but perfectly honourable young officer, to Edinburgh to see the Queen. There are difficulties when she arrives alone in his rooms in the barracks, but at last all is smoothed over and she marries him.

\* \* \*

"Scaramouche," Mr. Rafael Sabatini's play at the Garrick, is in the old tradition. One had thought that slick quick thrillers, like "Broadway" or "The Ringer," had definitely banished this type from the West End stage; that even melodrama must be speeded-up to be acceptable to the modern taste. But no, the slow spotlight crept and settled on the hero's face, noble sentiments were peeled forth in deep chest voices, rapiers flashed, women shrieked, "He is moy saan" (my son), everyone, taking his time about it, was either very wicked or very good—and a large audience simply loved it all. The French Revolution provided the excuse for this welter of villainy and fine feeling, but "Scaramouche" is not so good in its kind as "The Only Way." Sir John Martin Harvey—who was tremendous as the hero—made us yearn rather for Sydney Carton. Miss Margaret Swallow, of all people, devoted her fine talent to expressing an inexpressible pink-satin period heroine.

\* \* \*

The London Artists' Association is showing a small collection of Mr. Duncan Grant's paintings at 163, New Bond Street. There are only eleven pictures, and none of them are very recent (most of them have been exhibited before), but they form an interestingly representative survey of Mr. Grant's work between 1921 and 1926. His technique during that time does not seem to have changed much, unless it be towards a rather bolder and less smooth brushwork. His actual handling of paint (a quality which is not among the most important in a picture, but which makes a great difference to one's personal appreciation of a painter's work) is always extremely pleasant. His colour is exquisite and managed with the greatest skill: each colour, each tone, is given its maximum of value by subtle juxtaposition and contrast. Mr. Grant gives the feeling of a complete and satisfactory mastery of his medium; he seems to be able to realize his vision in a perfectly complete manner without indecision and yet without "slickness," and his vision and power of selection are both those of an absolutely sincere and genuine artist. Like few painters of the present day, he is essentially in the English tradition. He has learnt a great deal from Cézanne and the French painters of the nineteenth century, but it is with Gainsborough and Constable that he is much more closely allied. This exhibition shows a wide range of subjects—landscapes of Venice and Provence, a still life, two flower pieces, and some figure studies.

\* \* \*

The B.B.C.'s programme of Talks during the past few days has been particularly rich in interest. On Tuesday, April 19th, Dr. Ethel Smyth spoke of her recent travels in Greece with such contagious enthusiasm as will surely make many of her listeners determine to visit that beautiful country before it is spoilt, as she told us it would be in three or four years. On Wednesday, April 20th, Mr. Albert Sieveking gave a delightful talk on the Bosun's Pipe, and it was illustrated by a real Bosun's Mate playing the different calls. How anyone can tell one call from another is a mystery to the layman, for with the exception of one, with an attractive warble in it, they seemed curiously alike. But doubtless that is only in the same way that all Chinese look alike to an inexperienced Westerner. Mr. Sidney Dark's talk on Jerusalem was a disappointment. Except for the remark that the water-pitchers, which used to look so picturesque on the women's heads, are being replaced by ugly petrol tins, he told us nothing that might not have been found in a guide book by someone who had

never set foot in Palestine. Other interesting talks were those by Miss Burstall on Helping the African to Grow Up, Mr. R. Fletcher on Homing Pigeons, and M. Marcel Boulestin on Wastage in the Kitchen.

Things to see and hear in the coming week :—

Saturday, April 30.—

Exhibition of Modern Illuminated Manuscripts at the Three Shields Gallery, 8, Holland Street, W.8.  
"Chauve Souris," at the Vaudeville.  
May Harrison, Violin Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.  
José Iturbi, Pianoforte Recital, Æolian Hall, 8.  
Elsie Fogerty, Poetry Recital, Lyric and Satiric Verse, Museum Lecture Theatre, Victoria and Albert Museum, 8.

Sunday, May 1.—

Mr. C. Delisle Burns on "Art and the Unconscious," South Place Ethical Society, 11.  
London Chamber Music Society Concert, Rudolf Steiner Hall, 8.30.

Monday, May 2.—

Opening of the London Opera Syndicate Season, Royal Opera, Covent Garden, 7.15.  
Act I. of the "Rosenkavalier," relayed by 2LO from Covent Garden.

Tuesday, May 3.—

Mr. Lloyd George at the Liberal Demonstration, Women's National Liberal Federation, Winter Gardens, Blackpool, 7.30.

Vasa Prihoda, Violin Recital, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Wednesday, May 4.—

Dorothy English, Pianoforte Recital, Grottrian Hall.  
The Dramatic Players in Rostand's "The Fantasties," Rudolf Steiner Hall.  
"Midsummer Madness," a play by Clifford Bax, music by Armstrong Gibbs, broadcast from Manchester and Daventry.

Thursday, May 5.—

Prince Mirsky on "Post-War Literature in Russia," at King's College, 8 (P.E.N. Lecture).

Friday, May 6.—

Dora Kircher, Pianoforte Recital, Æolian Hall, 8.30.  
OMICRON.

## OCTOBER NIGHTFALL

ALL day the winds have brawled among the trees  
And lashed the stubble fields with rods of rain :  
The first of autumn's brown and yellow leaves  
Litter the meadow path and sodden lane.

All day the clouds have thrust their faces down  
With heavy scowl between the earth and sun,  
And men have stripped before their cottage fires  
Happy that lamps are lit and labour done.

Night falters like a timeworn gipsy, tossed  
By wind and rain across a naked heath,  
Then, loosening her black shawl and striding vast,  
She covers clouds above and shapes beneath.

CLAUDE COLLEER ABBOTT.

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**RAMON NOVARRO**

Produced by Fred Niblo

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EVENINGS, at 8.30. MATINEES, WED. & SAT., at 2.30.

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**COSI FAN TUTTE** (The School for Lovers).

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**ALDWYCH.** Gerrard 3929. NIGHTLY, at 8.15.

MATINEES, WEDNESDAY & FRIDAY, at 2.30.

**ROOKERY NOOK.**

TOM WALLS, Mary Brough, and RALPH LYNN.

**CRITERION.** (Ger. 3844.) NIGHTLY, 8.40. MATS., TUES., SAT., 2.30.

**MARIE TEMPEST** in

**THE MARQUISE,**

A NEW COMEDY BY NOEL COWARD.

**DRURY LANE.** EVGS., 8.15. MATS., WED. and SAT., at 2.30.

"THE DESERT SONG," A New Musical Play.

HARRY WELCHMAN. EDITH DAY. GENE GERRARD

**FORTUNE THEATRE.** Regent 1307.

NIGHTLY, at 8.30. MATINEES, THURS. & SAT., at 2.30.

"ON APPROVAL," By FREDERICK LONSDALE.

ELLIS JEFFREYS. RONALD SQUIRE.

**GARRICK.** Gerr. 9513. Evgs., 8.20 sharp. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

**MARTIN HARVEY** in "SCARAMOUCHE."

By RAFAEL SABATINI.

**KINGSWAY.** (Gerr. 4032.) Nightly, 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.

**JEAN CADELL** in a New Comedy,

"MARICOLD."

**LYRIC THEATRE,** Hammersmith. Riverside 3012.

EVENINGS, at 8.30. MATINEES, WED. & SAT., at 2.30.

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## ART EXHIBITIONS.

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## THE WORLD OF BOOKS

## GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

THE First Edition Club have brought forth a sumptuous reprint of the first edition of Swift's "Gulliver's Travels" (W. & G. Foyle, 42s.) for which, in more ways than one, they deserve thanks. It is a book for which I have a peculiar affection, a feeling of intimate sympathy. One reads it, I find, pretty often, but usually in an unsatisfactory way. It is one of those books which one takes out of the shelf and reads for half an hour, and always it is to the same passages that one is lured to turn. It must be many years since I have read "Gulliver" straight through. Now this volume of the First Edition Club has given me the opportunity or excuse for doing so again, and that alone is a reason for personal thanksgiving.

"Gulliver" is certainly a book which gains greatly by being read straight through. It is a work of deliberate art. The tone is extremely low ("the style," as Mr. Richard Symson, Mr. Gulliver's uncle and publisher, points out in the preface, "is very plain and simple"), and the effects are obtained partly by minute changes or juxtapositions of tone and colour, and partly by accumulation. The little book which begins so flatly and simply and circumstantially: "My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire: I was the third of five sons," ends with Gulliver sitting in his stable to avoid the intolerable smell of his wife and children, and with the universe in ruins. Not for a single instant has the tone been heightened, the voice raised, the colours brightened or darkened, and yet the effect is more devastating than all the drums and double basses of the *Gottedämmerung*. Very quietly, with an almost imperceptible flick of the finger, now here, now there, Swift removes one by one the mental, moral, and social props upon which man has built the construction which he is pleased to call his civilization. And when he has done, we are left with that picture of desolation, the unfortunate man sitting in his stable with his two degenerate Houyhnhnms in order to escape the intolerable stench of the human Yahoos.

To dip into "Gulliver" is to miss this accumulative corrosiveness of Swift's satire or irony. Someone said to me a little while ago that he thought the Laputa and Houyhnhnm parts of the book better than the Lilliput and Brobdingnag parts. This is true, but only in the sense that the climax and end of a perfect tragedy, like the "Oedipus," are better than the beginning. But in a complicated and deliberate work of art, like a great tragedy, the climax would not be the climax it is, if the beginning and the middle had been different, and to say that the end of "Othello" or of "Oedipus Tyrannus" is better than the beginning is beside the point. So with "Gulliver." The effect of the "Voyage to the Houyhnhnms" is more terrific than that of the "Voyage to Lilliput," but partly because before we reach the land of the horses Swift has already taken us to Lilliput, to Brobdingnag, and to Laputa. The satire of Lilliput is, for Swift, almost kindly and gentle: in the main we are made to feel only what a little thing man is. The edge sharpens imperceptibly in Brobdingnag, though the vision is the same with the telescope reversed. Swift's flicking finger has, too, already begun the work of removing here and there the props of human pride. It is in Brobdingnag that we have the king's horror at the invention of gunpowder, his refusal to hear a word more about it, and Swift's comment:—

"A strange effect of narrow principles and short views! that a Prince possessed of every quality which procures veneration, love, and esteem; of strong parts, great wisdom, and profound learning, endowed with admirable talents for Government, and almost adored by his subjects, should, from a nice unnecessary scruple, whereof in Europe we can have no conception, let slip an opportunity put into his hands, that would have made him absolute master of the lives, the liberties, and the fortunes of his people. . ."

It is in Brobdingnag that the extraordinarily unpleasant olfactory and excremental theme, so characteristic of Swift, and so powerful a factor in the devastating effect of this book, makes its appearance. It is in Brobdingnag, too, that the king's verdict on European civilization, as described by Gulliver, prepares us for the climax of the Yahoos: "I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that Nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth."

In the voyage to Laputa, the main theme is different: it is no longer the insignificance, but the pretentious and fathomless stupidity of human beings that Swift shows us. All wisdom, learning, science, and art are flicked away in the description of the Flying or Floating Island and in the superb fantasia of the Grand Academy of Lagado. "In the School of Political Projectors I was but ill-entertained," says Gulliver, "the professors appearing, in my judgment, wholly out of their senses, which is a scene that never fails to make me melancholy." Swift's pre-eminence as a "satirist," his power of weaving rings within rings and of building arches beyond arches of "satire" is shown by the fact that the reader, when he has finished Laputa, is left with the feeling that not only the professors, but the whole world is wholly mad.

From this melancholy scene we pass to the Houyhnhnms. It is the climax of the tragedy. In the horses or Houyhnhnms we are shown a society of rational and moral creatures and contrasted with them the horrible Yahoos who are human beings. In Gulliver's discourse to the Houyhnhnm on war, in his description of soldiers, lawyers, aristocracy, and doctors, in the passages about the Yahoos, we reach a region above satire, a kind of jeremiad in which jokes become the poetry of human degradation. The astonishing thing is that this tremendous indictment is produced in the plainest and simplest language, in asides and undertones, by ironical little twists of sentences, without a violent adjective or even a coloured sentence. There is no passion, in the ordinary sense, in Swift, and yet there is a terrible passion, a kind of icy, frozen passion. His satire burns one in the same way as ice seems to burn the tongue. Also, to my thinking, the last part of "Gulliver" has the supreme kind of pathos which is only attained through the simplest, barest, "classical" method of writing. There is only one touch of sentiment in the whole book, but with what enormous effect it comes at the end of the voyages, when Gulliver is leaving the Houyhnhnms! "My master and his friends continued on the shore till I was almost out of sight, and I often heard the sorrel nag (who always loved me) crying out 'Hnuy illa nyha majah Yahoo' (Take care of yourself, gentle Yahoo)." Not, of course, that the book ends on that note; it ends, as I have said, with the universe in ruins. It is probably the best and certainly the most devastating "satire" ever written. How pleased its author would have been, had he known that posterity considered it a good book for children!

LEONARD WOOLF.

## REVIEWS

## MORE ABOUT TCHEKHOV

**Anton Tchekhov: Literary and Theatrical Reminiscences.**

Translated and edited by S. S. KOTELIANSKY. (Routledge. 12s. 6d.)

As yet, English people have barely a nodding acquaintance with Anton Tchekhov. We have recently been excited, impressed, and perhaps baffled by Komissarjevski's productions of his plays, but the mass of his fiction is not yet available in translation, and the "Life and Letters," while it proved that Tchekhov could get more on half a sheet of notepaper than most people can contrive on several foolscap sheets, proved also that no man's life can be unfolded from his letters without a connecting narrative of substantial length. All this but whets the appetite for more, and now M. Koteliansky has further sharpened it by producing an uncommon book which is, almost in spite of itself, a success, and should be read by all who found the "Life and Letters" absorbing but incomplete.

M. Koteliansky has collected the reminiscences of some twenty Russian writers, theatrical producers, and actors, and has added a selection of Tchekhov's hitherto uncollected pieces. This sounds most unpromising. A collection of memorial tributes runs the risk of being as rigid and metallically lifeless as a wreath of everlasting flowers, and when twenty people say what a man was like they often cancel him out. Both these disasters are avoided: in its total effect, this book is not scrappy and it is very far from dead. It contains a thoughtful analysis by Sobolev of how Tchekhov raised the very short story, "no longer than a sparrow's nose," to classic form in a literature which had never boasted the virtues of brevity and restraint. Efros and Danchenko describe how the Moscow Art Theatre, by the happy chance of getting itself established at the moment when Tchekhov had decided that he could not write plays, took "The Seagull," and by sheer hard work understood it, seized the logic of the new stage technique which it demanded, and so turned its failure into success and paved the way for "The Three Sisters" and "The Cherry Orchard." There are descriptions by Alexander Kuprin, Ivan Bunin, and Maxim Gorky of a man slowly dying in his orchard bungalow at Yalta—narratives which in their simple delicacy and sweetness can rarely have been surpassed in the literature of praise of famous men. There are scraps from Souvorin's diary, and glimpses of Tolstoy blessing Tchekhov's impressionism and shaking his head sadly over those boring, undramatic plays. And there are, finally, many pages of anecdotes—jolly, intimate, tender things—hastily jotted down from the talk of Stanislavsky and other actors of the Art Theatre. Yet the seeming medley of these records resolves itself, and Tchekhov is bracketed with astonishing precision. The total impression is of a shy and lonely man of simple habits, acute understanding, and absolute artistic integrity, who suffered in silence, laughed like a child, and forgave every weakness but pretension. This was Tchekhov in his last years, and because he was like this, those who knew him write the simple truth.

Alexander Tchekhov has a vivid story of Anton as a medical student. He is at home in the living-room, cramming for to-morrow's examination. The door keeps bursting open, the torrents of family life pour in on him. They seek his advice, they expostulate, cajole, yearn, confide, dissolve in tears. But he does not, like a true son of Russia, throw his notebook away and vibrate despairingly in unison. He suffers the interruptions gently, and at last disappears quietly with his books to the sanctuary of a brother's lodgings. No doubt he finished the job and passed his medical. I take it that the point of this story is that Tchekhov was Russian with a difference. A boy of another race would have locked that door. But it seems that, spiritually speaking, there are no locks to Russian doors. Tchekhov was Russian enough never to attempt to lock the door, but all his life he seems to have kept himself, by a

sort of artistic chastity, above the battle. Thus his extraordinary powers of human penetration, sharpened by medical training, were always at full stretch, without being dissipated by a typically Slavonic expense of spirit. His instinct was to observe, to reflect, to generalize, and then to write only of what he knew, in the simplest terms. It may be that his literary form was determined by the circumstances of his early struggles, when, as Antosha Tchekonté, playboy of the Moscow comic papers, he supported his family (at about three farthings a line) by pouring out humorous trifles as carelessly as a bird sings. Then came his association with Souvorin on the *NOVOYE VREMYA*, and with it a horror of the moral weakness and disorder of Russian life, and a change in artistic outlook which has the curiously abrupt aspect of a conversion and dedication. His coltish high spirits fall away; irony and sadness develop; and from this point his aim is to make every word he writes more and more pregnant with meaning. The difference between "Life is Wonderful" (1885) and "A Moscow Hamlet" (1891), two sketches which M. Koteliansky translates, illustrates very well what might be called Tchekhov's increase in potential.

It is much more difficult to define the revolutionary nature of Tchekhov's writing for the stage, and the hunt for truth about this which goes on in the theatrical section of this book is often a beating about the bush with such question-begging phrases as "the Tchekhovian atmosphere." It is, I think, roughly true (though not the whole truth) to say that Tchekhov introduced a new thing by refusing to clear the decks of life before the action of his drama, which therefore proceeds through a litter of emotional overtones and circumstantial side-issues. Andreyev winds up the discussion in a short note which has some bold and suggestive ideas:—

"Tchekhov animated everything that his eye touched. . . . Animated time, animated objects, animated human beings—therein is the secret of Tchekhov's plays. . . . Direct your attention to the dialogue; it is not plausible; in life people do not speak like that; it is full of unfinished speeches; it is always as if it were a continuation of something already said; there is not in it that clear-cut beginning with which any other playwright's characters come on the stage; Tchekhov's characters never begin or end their speech; they always merely continue it. That is why his plays are difficult to read; there is little intrigue and even little action. . . . The dialogue, so to speak, never stops; it is transformed from human beings to objects, from objects back to human beings and from human beings to time, to stillness or noise, to the cricket or to voices round a fire. Everything is alive, has a soul and a voice."

I am almost persuaded that there is the root of the matter.

BARRINGTON GATES.

## ANOTHER HISTORY OF ENGLAND

**A History of England.** By H. BELLOC. Vol. II. (Methuen. 15s.)

WE all know two men in Mr. Belloc. There is the blood-descendant of the Unitarian Joseph Priestley, one of our earliest modern men of science; this is the Mr. Belloc who, when he has clearly grasped a point, expresses it diagrammatically with great force and directness; or, again, who seizes upon a group of isolated facts and generalizes from them with remarkable literary skill. On the other hand, there is the *méridional*; the man who would have been called Beaulieu if his ancestors had come from Northern France, but who takes his actual patronymic from Tartarin's country. This other Mr. Belloc has all the positive and negative virtues of his Tarascon cousin; he sits at home beside his baobab (*arbos gigantea*) and dreams that the whole world is his own. He bellows his weekly Duet from Robert le Diable; he is sure of an admiring audience in the Bézuet circle; with the help of Fenimore Cooper and a vivid imagination he knows all about distant lands and people. He has his faithful Achates—"Ve! Tartarin—Té, Gonzague"—and the two convince each other that modern civilization is a hollow sham, engineered by Jewish financiers; "les inventions de Bompard paraissent d'autant plus vrai-



**WANTED—A SCIENTIST** of the first order, if necessary of senior standing, but as young as possible, with a knowledge of the theory of science, to investigate and conduct the introduction of young children, 4½ - 10, to science and scientific method.

*The problem will be at least fourfold:*

**T**HE ability to absorb instruction depends on the emotional attitude of the child towards the process of being instructed as well as on the inherited quality of the brain. But the discovery of the idea of discovery and the ability to tolerate fact—which constitute the scientific attitude of mind—are the intellectual basis, on which, together with the emotional factor, subsequent intellectual progress is likely to rest.

Thus arises the need for a technique to utilise and develop the child's native curiosity in the way the wheels go round—his interest for instance in mud and water and his pleasure in messing about—in such a way as, in the long run, to obtain the maximum conversion of these drives into a controllable instrument of organised thought.

This involves the investigation by careful and delicate observation not only of what sort of activities are best introduced into the environment but what should be the order of opportunity for these activities. Much is done by leaving the child who prefers modelling with clay to heating mercury, or working a lathe to watching caterpillars or painting a table, to do so. But there is no such thing as absolute freedom and the very nature of the opportunities to a large extent limits and dictates his activities. And it is always possible—and this cannot be decided by a priori argument but only by observation—that to sip hastily at every flower may spoil the appetite.

## ¶ II.

**I**T will now be plain that this type of environment-arranging needs also the provision of specially designed apparatus. Apparatus for adolescents is too arbitrary and traditional often in the very irrelevance of its forms, is insufficiently diagrammatic, and being designed for illustration and the support of text book and teacher rather than for discovery requires—as experiments on intelligent but innocent adults will show—a pre-knowledge of its purpose. The apparatus needs to be specially adapted to the child's capacity for inference, patience and manipulation, and to be designed to meet the lack

of assumptions which are implicit in our adult thinking but in haphazardly collecting which a lifetime may be consumed. There is needed a continually accumulating fluid collection of apparatus suitable for each stage of the child's mental growth, devised clearly enough to enable him to discover in response to effort the answers to his own questions. Further there is needed the verbal apparatus of explanations of the history of men's thoughts and instruments concerning the same problems with which the child is occupying himself; accounts receding further and further back into the past as the child's sense of a past matures, instead of an isolated 'subject' being worked uneasily forward to an ill-patched join with the present.

## ¶ III.

**I**T is as yet uncertain whether there exist any special factors limiting or making undesirable the introduction of children of 4 - 10 to scientific knowledge and scientific thought. That is to say whether the apprehension of multiple and permissive causality which is painful to the human mind with its innate tendency to accept and manufacture explanations in terms of unitary and magical causality, is in early life so much more painful that the forces—equally innate—of curiosity and intellectual aggression towards the external world would be stunted instead of stimulated. Or whether, on the other hand, it is not rather a quantitative question, as at present seems indicated—one of developing methods compatible with the child's childishness, with his need of phantasy, and of grading the demands of reality to his capacity.

This is the main theoretical question.

## ¶ IV.

**A**s it is hoped that the occupant of the post will in addition to exercising and developing an art make of the task a piece of scientific work and research leading eventually to the publication of his results—negative as well as positive—he will need to make ample records. For this purpose the services of a shorthand-typist will be placed at his disposal.

Certain preliminary work with children of 4 - 7 has already been done at Cambridge at the Malting House School successfully enough to encourage the directors of the school to make a full-time long period

*Continued on next page*

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appointment specially for its development.

They hope to make of the appointment the beginnings of a research institute into problems connected with education. Hence they are all the more anxious to obtain the services of someone of outstanding suitability for the work.

He would need not merely to be a specialist in his own branch but to have some little acquaintance with other sciences, the history of science and the history of religious beliefs.

It will be apparent that this type of research, more than any other, would depend for its success not only on intellectual qualifications but also on a favouring psychological background. Ideally desirable—if the view here taken of the possibilities of such research is justified—would be an immense ability to wait and see, such as would make a good field anthropologist or naturalist—freedom from irritation at the childishness of children, power to see them make false inferences and misuse apparatus, noting the facts but not being annoyed by them.

There must be an innate willingness to try to grasp the child's assumptions and to abstain

from using the facile escape of verbal explanations in favour of the method of staging and re-staging occurrences till the child derives from his experience, not merely a particular atom of knowledge which will the more intimately become part of his mental structure, but the knowledge—one of the roots of understanding—of the manner in which first-hand knowledge is obtained.

Particularly in the child's early years must be eschewed the attitude of the pedagogue—the dealer in predigested reality and second-hand knowledge—in favour of that of the co-investigator, not least in order that when later in life the child needs second-hand knowledge more and more, he shall the better be able to accept and handle it.

**T**he directors of the Malting House School are aware of the formidable nature of these desiderata. They do not however intend them as an absolute condition of the appointment but rather as an all-round view of the problem, stated in the hope that others may sufficiently share in the attitude outlined to be attracted to the work notwithstanding its difficulties. While they are willing to consider applications for the post from the teaching profession, they look rather to those who have already engaged in some sort of scientific work and whose reactions to children have not been influenced by the necessity of teaching them.

*In order to be able to obtain the services of the man most suited to the work they are advertising widely and they are prepared to pay such salary as will enable him to leave his present occupation, whatever that may be. Communications should be addressed to the Directors, the Malting House, Cambridge.*

Professor Sir ERNEST RUTHERFORD, P.R.S., Professor PERCY NUNN, D.Sc., and Mr. J. B. S. HALDANE, have kindly consented to assist the directors in the final selection of candidates.



semblables à Tartarin que dans tout Tarasconnais le hâbleur se double d'un gobeur." The two climb in company to dizzy heights; and neither dreams of cutting the rope. If this present volume had come in Daudet's way, he might have published an interesting selection under the title of "Tartarin sur le moyen âge."

But it would only have been a selection; for here are a good many really excellent pages from the Priestley side. Mr. Belloc explains very clearly how much England owed to the fact that it was neither too small in area, nor too large, to be worked successfully under mediæval conditions; again, he is at his happiest in expounding the development of the *Curia Regis* and other courts; almost everywhere, indeed, where the materials were easily accessible, and the subject well within his grasp, and no sectarian religious bias to deflect his compass. Yet, even here, Tartarin sometimes comes in with a footnote or a postscript, to assure the world that it may now read the real truth about a matter which predecessors of great reputation have bungled. Here, in fact, we have not only a personal trick of the writer, but a matter of settled principle with him; as he puts it in "Europe and the Faith," when a Roman Catholic deals with mediæval history, he "is not relatively right in his blame, he is absolutely right." The Dean of St. Paul's has wittily analyzed this characteristically Romanist attitude towards facts. We all know the soap-boilers who assure us that it is their own particular soap which will make us cleaner than any other; but here is a soap-boiler who assures the world, and convinces some by the very boldness of his assurance, that, whereas his own soap will clean us, all other soaps will but make us dirtier.

Therefore, just as the admirable descriptive passages in "The Path to Rome" are interlarded with wearisome digressions which we skip as best we can, and yet hear Mr. Belloc shouting hysterically behind us to keep up his courage in the dark, so this book is made up of a great deal of good sense, less original than Mr. Belloc imagines, and a painful amount of nonsense. Moreover, the nonsense is usually on the most important subjects; for many of us will agree with Mr. Belloc as to the great historical importance of religious beliefs and disbeliefs; and, in the almost total absence of adequate references, it is practically impossible for any but a specialist to note the point where sense ends and nonsense begins. It would not even be safe to take it for granted that the author goes astray wherever the question of praise or blame comes in for the Roman Church; "il est tellement inexacte qu'on ne saurait croire même le contraire de ce qu'il dit." It is on this subject, however, that he most frequently writes the thing that is not; let us take one striking example. He writes, on page 22, "Divorce was an idea abhorrent." In the sense in which an ordinary reader would take these words, they are very far from the truth. So common was the *fact* of divorce in the Middle Ages, under different pretexts, that even the greatest canon lawyers may be found using the *word* itself, as a matter of course. Bishop Jonas of Orleans [960] complained that "many" folk put away their wives when weary of them. St. Anselm [1100] mourns to hear that, in Ireland, men exchange wives "as publicly and freely as horses." Petrus Cantor, one of the glories of the University of Paris [1190], writes, "for money's sake, at our own choice, we [clergy] join or separate whom we will." The still greater Ivo of Chartres [1110] had complained that such abuses turned the sacrament of matrimony into a laughing-stock for the lay folk. The Dominican Bromyard [1380] describes the abuses in detail, and sums up, "nowadays, when a wife displeases, or another woman is coveted, then a divorce is procured"—*divortium procuratur*. The contemporary poem of "Piers Plowman" tells the same tale; a man may get rid of his wife by giving the judge a fur cloak; Church lawyers "make and unmake matrimony for money." Erasmus writes emphatically on this subject of "so many unhappy divorces"; he thinks it would be better if the State took this matter away from the Church and guaranteed marriage as securely as other contracts. In 1530, Pope Clement VII. proposed to Henry VIII. that he should be allowed two wives simultaneously; his predecessor Eugenius IV., in 1437, had actually given a similar permission to Henry IV. of Castile. These last two instances have been brought into prominence by Professor Pollard; and it is strange that even Mr. Belloc's random methods should have

left him in such ignorance. The Vanderbilt-Marlborough case would have been taken as a matter of course in the Middle Ages. It would be possible to fill pages with similar contrasts between Mr. Belloc's ideas and the mediæval facts; but this may suffice here.

G. G. COULTON.

## AN EPIC OF LAISSEZ-FAIRE

**Bone Street.** By WILLIAM MACKINDER, M.P. (Jenkins. 7s. 6d.)

BONE STREET was a row of back-to-back houses in a Yorkshire manufacturing town, where Jack Bradley started life and where his second mother Marthalice lived. It was foul with the stench of the wool industry, and vivid with the lives and tough personalities of its inhabitants. Mr. Mackinder tells their story in a bare, sometimes almost colloquial style, with an occasional coloured phrase such as the one describing the poverty-stricken married life of the young woolcombers: "an incredibly bare existence, but one which gleamed with happiness." The narrative has the fullness of detail and a certain unevenness of emphasis that goes rather with the writing of reminiscence than with a made story; and it is obvious that the life of Jack Bradley was either lived by the author, or observed from very close at hand.

The tale is set in the time of a rising industry with hardly any of the fences which have been set up now by legislation round some of the worst perils and mischances of the worker's life. The impression left is that of a barbarous world, in which an unbelievable toughness and vitality battles against hardships almost equally unbelievable and retains an amazing zest in life nevertheless. Jack, left motherless very young, works as a half-timer while his father labours in the heat and grease of the combing sheds, without fenced machinery, workmen's compensation, or the dole in times of unemployment. Yet the two have energy left to tramp the moors on Sunday with enjoyment, to read and listen to the novels of Scott and Dickens, and to take a pride in their tiny home. The story of how the father pulls himself up for the child's sake from his moral downhill journey, and the companionship of the two together is finely told without a touch of false sentiment. When his father dies the son lives in lodgings, but after an accident in which his arm is damaged, is obliged to start wandering in a search for work. His vicissitudes take him on board a trawler, into a common lodging house, among the chorus in a pantomime, into a wool-picking shed, and finally to a half fairy-tale affluence on the farm of a relenting grandfather. Perhaps the episode on the trawler, where Jack works as "doctor" or ship's cook, is among the most vivid. We seem to hear the clattering and groaning of the little vessel as she is tossed about on "Dogger Bank and Cemetery," and Jack bakes bread and fries tomatoes in the tiny galley.

The other outstanding characteristic of these companions in hardship is their apparently invariable kindness to each other. Invisible shareholders are possibly villains, and "bosses" and managers a race of doubtful friendliness. But everywhere else goodwill seems to spring unailing, in poverty and good fortune, in sickness and in health, sharing the first and the last crust and with an apparently unlimited capacity for care and safeguarding of each other, inside the limits of their perilous existence. Landladies, stage managers, "Black Jack" the skipper, mates in the works, all show an abundant patience and gentleness, instructing newcomers in wool-picking or table manners or singing or seamanship as the case may be. Behind them all stands the inimitable Marthalice, bustling, capable, grimly genial and tender with brief intensity ("Bring t' bairn in," she was wont to say; "one or two more mak's no difference"); as it were, "the alderman of Bone Street." The only limit, according to Mr. Mackinder, to this universal comradeship is among "the lowest of the low" in the common lodging house; where the reluctant passing guests mistrust each other, and with good cause. "Bone Street" is a story which remains in the mind, with its tenacious personalities and grinding insecurity of life; an epic of *laissez-faire* and the Industrial Revolution.

C. F. G. MASTERMAN.

## ECONOMIC OPTIMISM AND PESSIMISM

Industrial Fluctuations. By A. C. PIGOU. (Macmillan. 25s.)

THIS book is an expansion of Part VI. of the "Economics of Welfare," separated from the Second Edition of that work. It exhibits Professor Pigou's characteristic method of exposition at its best. The method is critical and eclectic, rather than constructive, and is well adapted to the approach of the student. Professor Pigou pursues his even and dispassionate course through a multiplicity of theories and ideas, rejecting whatever fails before his inductive and deductive tests, retaining whatever survives them.

The method (like any other) has its special weaknesses. The theme tends to become somewhat invertebrate. Professor Pigou has contrived to give his book in some respects the unity that belongs to an organic whole, but he has not avoided this fault altogether.

He sets out by defining his subject. He distinguishes (1) long-period fluctuations, (2) seasonal fluctuations, and (3) "those industrial fluctuations extending over short spans of years, which are sometimes called 'cyclical.'"

His subject is defined to be the last-named, the cyclical fluctuations. The book starts with a systematic survey of the causes by which such changes in productive activity may be originated. Such causes Professor Pigou finds in harvest variations, inventions, industrial disputes, wars, changes in fashion, changes in foreign demand, changes in foreign openings for investment, states of business psychology (errors of optimism or of pessimism), monetary movements.

At the conclusion of this survey he turns to inquire how far these causes or any of them can account for the periodicity of the fluctuations. Apart from one or two which he regards as of minor importance, he finds a tendency to periodicity in two only: (1) Errors of optimism and errors of pessimism tend to succeed one another; (2) Credit movements are rhythmical, because a credit expansion must ultimately be stopped, and then "industrial activity will not merely cease to expand but will definitely contract."

But if these alone have the characteristic of periodicity, why complicate the whole investigation by dragging in the others? To assume their relevance to the cyclical fluctuations is to beg a very large question.

The fact is that when the long-period fluctuations and the seasonal have been excluded, the cyclical do not exhaust what is left. Professor Pigou's own conclusions show that there are plenty of short-period causes of variations in productive activity which are neither seasonal nor cyclical. All those he examines, except the psychological and monetary, are of this type.

Thus two quite distinct investigations have been confused, on the one hand a survey of all possible causes of changes in productive activity, and on the other an explanation of the cyclical fluctuations. For the latter what is above all to be sought is the cause of the periodicity.

It is not enough to point to a cause which is periodical, in the sense that it provokes a contrary reaction. It may be true that errors of optimism and of pessimism generate one another, but, if this is at intervals of seven or eleven days or weeks, it will not explain a trade cycle of from seven to eleven years. Professor Pigou claims that the reaction from optimism to pessimism occurs at the end of the time which the commodities affected take to produce. "For it is when production and marketing is completed that error stands revealed."

The time varies widely. "Some of the seed will spring up and flower immediately, some in one year, some in two, some in three, some perhaps in ten" (p. 83).

Is there not a gap in Professor Pigou's argument? At what stage will the errors, whether of optimism or of pessimism, be revealed? "Towards the end of a period of good trade" producers are full up with orders (p. 81); when disappointment begins, after years of activity, there are still orders in course of execution. Why does optimism last so long?

Professor Pigou describes (pp. 121-2, 155-6, and 163-6) how optimism stimulates the creation of credit, the creation of credit raises prices, and the rise of prices increases the optimism. "Until some external event, such as the refusal of bankers to create any more credits, intervenes, there is no reason why this process should ever come to an end"

(pp. 155-6). "Analogous considerations hold good of falling prices" (p. 156).

Thus the intervention of credit tends to exaggerate and prolong either optimism or pessimism. And apparently Professor Pigou looks not to an irrational reaction against the pessimism or optimism to break the vicious circle, but to an intervention by the banks. Having supposed "errors" of optimism or pessimism to have started, he freely assumes the subsequent course of events to be determined not by errors, but by correct estimates of price movements, of credit conditions and of the state of markets.

Credit thus becomes the decisive factor. In fact when their reserves are short, the banks cannot let the optimists borrow; when their reserves are redundant, they will not let the pessimists hold back. Against them no amount of spontaneous errors of optimism or of pessimism can prevail.

Professor Pigou stops short of that inference. He adheres to the conclusion, already associated with his name, that the primary cause of the trade cycle is to be found not in credit but in errors of optimism and pessimism. As a corollary, he believes that price stabilization would be a partial, but not a radical cure.

In dealing with price stabilization, he challenges on statistical grounds the statement that price movements give earlier warning of a credit expansion than reserve proportions, on the ground that reserve minima synchronize with or even precede the price maxima. But here he misses the point, that the price rise begins before the reserve proportion falls below the critical point at which Bank rate will be put up.

Professor Pigou is the foremost exponent of that school of economists which would state all the fundamental facts of economics divested of monetary machinery. So long as it is a question of assessing economic loss or gain, this effort of abstraction may be valid and salutary, but any treatment of economic motive must take account of what is actually in people's minds. Professor Pigou is led by his general standpoint to belittle the functions of money and credit. His treatment of the working of credit sometimes becomes sketchy. For example, he is too much preoccupied with price levels, and does not direct attention to those changes in demand (reckoned in money) which precede and cause price movements.

A feature of the book is a remarkably well constructed and informative series of statistical charts.

R. G. H.

## THE OLD POOR LAW

English Local Government. English Poor Law History. Part I.—The Old Poor Law. By SIDNEY and BEATRICE WEBB. (Longmans. 21s.)

EVERY few years that unique instrument of research which German economists call—in the necessary neuter—*das Ehepar* Webb announces a new book. Those interested then wonder whether the book will upset their major or their minor historical opinions: upsetting of some kind there is sure to be. This time it is, on the whole, only a modification of minors—partly because Mr. and Mrs. Webb have to some extent anticipated themselves in earlier volumes of their great series; partly because ever since Burn and Eden good work has been done on Poor Law history; mainly because very good modern work on the early history was published twenty-seven years ago by Miss E. M. Leonard and on the later two years ago by Mrs. George, whom the Webbs do not appreciate or use, and last year by Miss Dorothy Marshall whom they do. None of which must be taken to mean that any stage or phase of Poor Law history is not made fuller and much clearer by their latest work.

For the years before 1689 they do not claim that familiarity with local MSS. and obscure printed matter which they have for the period 1689-1834. Yet you could not find a discussion comparable with theirs of the Settlement Law of 1662—that law which went through Parliament almost unnoticed and poisoned English social life for a century and three-quarters at least—or of the new doctrines and proposals of the Restoration period. Before 1660 the handling is not quite so sure. It is disturbing to hear that



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"we have not discovered why the 39 Elizabeth c. 3 (1597-8) was re-enacted in the very next session . . . as 43 Elizabeth c. 2 (1601)." These, of course, are the Poor Laws, and the familiar answer to the riddle is to be found in § 17 of the first of them: it was only enacted until the next session. So, for that matter, was the second: it did not become permanent till 1640.

In the nineteenth century there is one odd omission. When dealing with the allowance system Mr. and Mrs. Webb have—for once—followed previous Poor Law historians in neglecting the remarkable returns made to the Select Committee on Labourers' Wages of 1824, but only printed apart from the Report in 1825. Yet these returns are an early and successful instance of the use of what one can imagine them calling "the device of the questionnaire"; and they give by far the best material that there is for generalization about the allowance system and its local variations.

Last, a regret. Like most people to-day the Webbs are all for Whitbread's minimum wage bills as against the Berkshire Justices' bread-scale. Probably they are right. But their historical objectivity, or some other cause, has robbed us of a discussion of how a minimum wage might have worked in the administrative framework of 1800, which no one knows half so well as they, and among the fierce price-fluctuations of 1795-1820 of which they say very little. In the section called *Conclusions*, written without hampering footnotes and less objective, they are more free. They lay about them, occasionally with rather rusty weapons, at the industrial and agrarian revolutions. But on this point all they say is—"twentieth-century experience would have recommended what is now called the Policy of the National Minimum." And what is it that the twenty-first century's experience would recommend to us?

The book does not do quite so much cutting through virgin forest as some of its predecessors, but it is a fit companion for them. One cannot say more than that.

J. H. CLAPHAM.

### ROBOTS ALL!

*Socrates, or the Emancipation of Mankind.* By H. F. CARLILL. (Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.)

In the Socratic doctrine, Mr. Carlill sees one considerable cause that might account for the suicide of the Greek genius. He suggests that the Athenians were vaguely aware whither that doctrine was leading them: "they saw their familiar comfortable world of custom and compromise, of instinct and tradition, of half-beliefs and shibboleths, dissolving before their very eyes"; so they made its founder drink hemlock. Well, the Athenians were no fools; and certainly they would not have done to death an ugly old man, whose only vice was a constant habit of asking awkward questions, without some very good reason.

But the point, so far as Mr. Carlill is concerned, is this: Socrates was the leader in humanity's first essay in self-consciousness. With his death, therefore, that essay must be pronounced a failure. Now it happens (Mr. Carlill goes on) that in the last few decades there has been "a general tendency towards what may be called a Socratic view of human nature, which bids fair to become a definite and probably decisive movement." In other words, humanity has entered upon its second essay in self-consciousness. Very well, are we going to follow the example of the Athenians—with whatever the modern equivalent of hemlock may be? Or are we going to see the experiment through?

Of course, Mr. Carlill, being among the prophets, does not ask these questions. Instead, he speaks, with no unattractive voice, of the prospects that lie before us—if we choose. "Freedom consists," he says, "in realizing the extent to which we are governed by forces other than ourselves." He therefore proceeds, with succinct analysis and no little humour, to reveal the extent to which we are all more or less blind automata responding to such accumulated forces within us as instinct, habit, and tradition. He then goes on to show how, once having become intelligently cognizant of those forces, we can control them to our own immense advantage. For, says he, free will "is something that comes into being only in the act of self-consciousness and the

adoption or rejection of motives." And again, "there is no self until it asserts itself." The road to such an assertion lies through courses of careful training in control, mutability, and efficiency—*vide* Henry Ford, whose autobiography, Mr. Carlill believes, "will in future be recognized as one of the most remarkable books that the first quarter of the twentieth century has produced." Once get hold of the idea that we are psycho-physical machines ("and not our own darling selves"), and as such are capable of conscious regulation, and then we shall become emancipated indeed.

Evidently, the Athenians desired no such emancipation. For twenty-four centuries the reason for the murder of Socrates has remained an enigma. Men have called it an unintelligible lapse on the part of the Athenians. Mr. Carlill says, in effect, that they just could not bear having their smugness exposed. Might it not be that they were, after all, darkly wise in what they did? Might it not be (to use a metaphor they could not have understood) that they preferred not to strangle the god within the machine? They did not make Plato drink hemlock.

### SEVEN MYSTICS

*Studies of the Spanish Mystics.* Vol. I. By E. ALLISON PEERS. (Sheldon Press. 18s.)

In the year 1527 a Franciscan priest, Francisco de Osuna, published a book which he called the "Third Spiritual A.B.C." It was only one part of a vast and incoherent manual of devotion, but it dealt with a mystical subject—"The art of love." That is to say, it taught ordinary men and women how to fall into trances called *Recogimientos*, and to nourish themselves in these short moments of contemplation against all the tedium of life. Thousands of copies sold, successive editions were brought out, and Spain, which for eleven centuries had occupied itself with the external world, opened its eyes at last upon the changing weather of the soul.

Odd accounts have come down to us. In the castle of the Marqués de Villena the entire household became infected by it: the cousins and aunts, the footmen and the kitchen-maids threw up their tasks and were to be seen scattered over gardens and rocks practising "self-abandonment."

In Salamanca the enchanting Francisca Hernandez (whom the dullest could recognize to be a saint) encouraged her chief disciples to share her bed. A great deal of this kind of thing went on without interference, for the Inquisition was ready to give some latitude to pious emotions, provided it might take a firm line over innovations of doctrine. The imbeciles and the licentious escaped, whilst the wretched monks and priests who could not walk the crooked path of orthodoxy were dropped into dungeons to be roasted and tortured.

But when we put aside the erotic ebullitions and the vaster accumulations of superstitious nonsense and look into the minds of educated men, we shall see a strange shifting and exacerbation of the field of consciousness. The chatter of society has died away, and we are transported to a region where solitude is unbroken, where tears and self-torments are the only solace, and where the soul, its senses refined by the stillness, shivers to every breeze that blows upon it. The instincts, pressing out like naked roots towards the soil and not finding it, take new directions. This is the region of "mystical experience."

At any rate, one may say—supposing that one revolts from the lachrymosity—at any rate, these people have opened up a fresh region of the human mind, have introduced a new mood into the world, besides throwing off some exquisite poetry. May not these eternal lovers (for such they are), moping in the night, drinking in the beauty of water and of moon, oscillating among searching introspections between tears and ecstasies—may they not be considered an early outcropping of the Romantic Movement? Surely the time has come to treat these manifestations a little more soberly.

Professor Peers has written a book which contains much interesting information arranged with order and clarity, but vitiated by a bias which leads to certain suppressions and misconceptions. It comprises studies of seven so-called mystics—St. John of the Cross, St. Theresa, Luis de Leon,

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In Teresa the biographic element, here so rich and copious, is out of perspective. Mystical experience differs from æsthetic experience in that it is very closely contingent upon the storms and conflicts of the mystic's life (it is, in my opinion, the capital error of books on this subject that the connection is always slurred over). Thus though Professor Peers has given a succinct account of Teresa's abnormal states, for any real understanding of this very human and tragic figure one must still plod through Mrs. Cunningham Graham's long volumes.

Of the other essays, that on Loyola's Exercises is the feeblest, that on Luis de Leon the most interesting. The author is at his best in literary appraisements, and everything he says about Spanish prose and poetry is just and sensible. There remain Osuna, whose importance is historical, and two divines, Luis de Granada and Juan de los Angeles, uninteresting in their substance, but remarkable, like Jeremy Taylor, for the beauty of their prose. The information that Professor Peers has collected about them will be of value to students.

One conclusion is forced upon me by this book—that saints are difficult people to write about. Open Culpeper's "Herbal," and one will find that all the common plants have virtues and cure diseases, and that each plant possesses every virtue and cures every complaint. So it is with hagiographies. Each Saint or Mystic has his complete set of virtues. One does not need to take a bite at St. Paphuntius or St. Polycarp to know that he will taste of humility and holy zeal and chastity, or that the water in which his bones are washed will have a good effect if you are pregnant. It is only the limpid insensibility of their panegyrists that permits us now and then to catch sight of something different, preserving like a wasp in amber the savage but human and intelligible misanthropy of old Polycarp. Almost in vain we search those dusty herbals for any sign of life or structure, and when at last we have evidence—there is Professor Peers, a herbalist at heart, even when he is writing botany!

GERALD BRENAN.

## DRAMA

**The Dybbuk.** By S. ANSKY. (Benn. 6s.)

**Iridion.** By ZYGMUNT KRASINSKI. (Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d.)

**The Priest and His Disciples.** By KURATA HYAKUZO. (Benn. 7s. 6d.)

**Three Eastern Plays.** By EDWARD and THEODOSIA THOMPSON. (Allen & Unwin. 5s.)

THE theme of "The Dybbuk" is "the theme of love so strong that after death it can drive itself into the body of the beloved"—a theme full of marvellous possibilities for a playwright of any race, but one by which a genius sulked on the profound, mystical tradition of a people scattered among strangers, can produce a thing monumental, powerful, and lovely. Such a genius is Ansky. From the moment of being led—one is never conscious of being forced there—silently and awfully into the Jewish synagogue through which the voices of chanters fall with an air of mystery, to the point of the young girl Leah joining the soul of her beloved Channon, one is conscious of being guided everywhere by a hand sure and tender in its greatness. Ansky never for one moment makes a false impression. "The Dybbuk," we are told, grew slowly, from fragmentary things, to the perfect whole it now is. Those who feel acutely its tragic power, conveyed by touches sometimes so simple as to risk being naïve instead of strong, will understand the inevitability of this. It has, even while being steeped in the faith and tradition of the Jewish race, the restraint, richness and truth of a thing delivered only after immense travail of imagination. Ansky never shouts. His is the cry of a breast forced to wound itself in order to deliver up a

sound. And that sound is heard from first to last throughout "The Dybbuk," painful, intimate and sublime.

"Iridion" is another play wrung from an oppressed and suffering people, though delivered, not after centuries of pain, but as the abrupt, wailing cry of a poetic prophet calling in the wilderness that was the Poland of the early nineteenth century. In that period, following the defeat of the insurrection against Russia, its three great romanticists, Mickiewicz, Slowacki, and Krasinski, produced their finest work. "Iridion," allegorical, its scenes laid in the decadent Rome of the third century after Christ, was Krasinski's contribution after seeing the Colosseum, where the despised cross of the Christian maidens, still standing in the centre of that imposing decay, impressed him deeply. It is a work on an immense canvas, often powerful, often crude, unrestrained and faulty, but with the supreme merit of having a sincere, passionate aim from which it never wavers. Much of its beauty has almost certainly been lost in translation. Yet it survives its demerits, greatest of which is the displeasing romanticism of the period, by nobility and righteousness of purpose.

Kurata might have achieved his fame through the "Priest and his Disciples" otherwise than he did, for the play is excellent propaganda in the first place, and contains also as its figurehead the greatest revolutionary figure in Japanese Buddhism, the Shinran of the thirteenth century. Yet his fame, and what is far more important, the beautiful and enduring nature of his story, is dependent on neither of these things, but on what shows him to be at once a fine and sincere artist. The period of action covers thirty years. Outside Shinran and his disciples are a dozen other figures, including peasants and harlots, all varied and of that apparent insignificance so difficult to handle and utilize. Yet it is here Kurata impresses. Shinran—historically out of focus possibly—the sensitive priest-lover Yuien, and Kaede the young harlot, are all finely conceived and drawn. And it is a tribute to Kurata's power of portrayal that apart from these every one of the many figures of a long play remains perfectly embalmed in the consciousness at the close. Without having the profound, awful beauty of "The Dybbuk," this is a fine, moving work.

"Easter Evening," "The Queen of the Ruin," and "The Clouded Mirror," are the three Eastern plays. A good deal of speculation leaves them without category. Then, wandering idly through them again, category ceases to have its significance, and the factor which always reduces it to that absurdity—art, becomes alone important. And of the artistry of these three too-short plays there can be no doubt. All three, "Easter Evening" most, possess that rare quality of restraint whereby a whisper can become dynamic and a gesture tremendous. They are full of beauty too—beauty of conception and treatment. Their unrhymed verse, though suffering as always under the difficulties of that medium, is natural in its nervous simplicity. It gives them, in their own words, a sudden fragrance—a strange light.

H. E. BATES.

## THE INNER LIGHT

**The Faith and Practice of the Quakers.** By RUFUS M. JONES. (Methuen. 5s.)

**The Quakers: their Story and Message.** By A. NEAVE BRAYSHAW. (The Swarthmore Press. 5s. and 3s. 6d.)

**Quakers in Ireland, 1654-1900.** By ISABEL GRUBB, M.A. (The Swarthmore Press. 3s. 6d.)

THESE three books bear additional witness to a steadily growing interest in Quakerism. The volumes by Dr. Jones and Mr. Brayshaw cover much the same ground. Each offers us a brief historical survey of Quaker history, with an exposition of the modern position and outlook of the Society of Friends, and there is little disparity of views between the two writers, who differ widely only in manner and approach. Dr. Jones, while always vigorous and readable, and while preserving the characteristic Quaker simplicity of spirit, is a scholar and theologian, thoroughly primed in philosophy and the study of comparative religion. Mr. Brayshaw is equally well versed in his own immediate subject, and has a wide enough historical outlook to enable him, like Dr. Jones, to temper enthusiasm with a frank recognition of weaknesses. But he concentrates more closely upon his theme, and though both





authors aim at a popular appeal, Mr. Brayshaw is the likelier to attain his end. Dr. Jones cannot always resist the temptation to preach. His colleague, on the other hand, has wisely allowed his cause to stand very largely on its own merits. Mr. Brayshaw has a sure instinct for essentials and for the illuminating quotation. He lets the great figures of Quakerism speak, so far as possible, for themselves, and thus we are given not only the facts, but the atmosphere that is so essential an element in the Quaker form of religion.

Quakerism first flowered in a world in which religion was as general a matter of public interest as football is to-day. But popular emphasis was all upon obedience to authority, and the warfare between innumerable sects turned upon merely theological or theoretical issues. The message of George Fox, proclaiming that true religion was dependent not upon externals nor even primarily upon the Bible, but upon direct experience of God in the individual heart, had already been preached by the small band of Seekers. But Fox and his followers were the first to give real driving force to the doctrine of the Inner Light. "What they did," says Dr. Jones, "was to insist that religion is something that begins within the soul of man. They passed over, as Copernicus did, to a new centre. This change of centre underlay Luther's new interpretation of faith, but Luther failed to go all the way through with his reforming idea. He stopped midway. What Friends aimed to do was to ground religion for ever upon an inherent relation between God as living Spirit and the elemental nature of man. Religion, they believed, does not rise outside, and flow in; it springs up inside, and flows out."

Quakerism has not always escaped the perils of its own virtues. The insistence upon direct individual contact with God has led sometimes to a too slight regard for revealed truth, and Mr. Brayshaw suggests that Friends have still to work out a satisfactory synthesis between personal and historical Christianity. Nor, though it arose out of protest against traditionalism, has Quakerism always avoided a traditionalism of its own. Exhausted by the long persecutions they had suffered, Friends lapsed in the eighteenth century into quietism and became a separatist people, concerned largely with questions of internal discipline and with strict conformity to certain standards of dress and conduct. But though the flame sank, it did not die out, and the wind of the Wesleyan revival fanned it once more into life. By the latter half of the nineteenth century, Friends had finally emerged from their seclusion and were in the vanguard of many fights for social reform. The Great War came as a challenge that found them prepared, and it was characteristic of the new spirit in Quakerism that Friends were not content with the negative "witness" of non-resistance, but carried out schemes of amelioration and reconstruction that were marked as fully by good organization as by goodwill.

The imposing new Friends' House in Euston Road is the latest proof of the break with traditionalism, as also of the fact that the Society has an influence greatly in excess of its numerical strength. Quakerism is now in the world, and the temptation to be of it may have to be fought. But if the inner flame is well guarded—if, in the words of Dr. Jones, "faith" continues to be for Friends "an inward attitude based upon first-hand experience," and is not allowed to become "synonymous with 'belief'"—we may well believe, with Mr. Brayshaw, that the greatest days of Quakerism are only just beginning.

Miss Grubb is not concerned with propaganda. Her aim, in which she has very pleasantly succeeded, has been to fill a hitherto unoccupied niche in religious history. Her brief record of Irish Quakerism will commend itself primarily to Friends; but, with its picturesque narrative style, it should be enjoyed by all readers who love the byways of the past.

## ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

"SPANISH ART," the second "Burlington Magazine" Monograph has just been published by Messrs. Batsford (42s.); and "Portrait Painting: its Nature and Function," by Herbert Furst, comes from the Bodley Head (31s. 6d.). Messrs. Constable publish (at 21s.) a "History of the Merton Abbey Tapestry Works," founded by William Morris. The book has been compiled by Mr. H. C. Mariller, and contains

many illustrations, some of which are in colour. Mr. Yone Noguchi has chosen "Harunobu" as the subject of his latest book on Japanese Art. This is uniform with his previous volumes and is published by Messrs. Elkin Mathews & Marrot (21s.).

Books from Messrs. Allen & Unwin dealing with science and philosophy are "Purposive Evolution," by Edmund Noble (18s.); "Science and Human Progress," by Sir Oliver Lodge (4s. 6d.), and "Science and Philosophy, and Other Essays," by Bernard Bosanquet (16s.). Another book, somewhat in the same category, is "Platonism and the Spiritual Life," by George Santayana (Constable, 5s.).

Two books of interest from Messrs. Cape are "Charles M. Doughty: a Critical Study," by Barker Fairley (9s.), and "The Playgoer's Handbook to the English Renaissance Drama," by Agnes M. Mackenzie (5s.).

An important biography is Emil Ludwig's "Napoleon," translated by Eden and Cedar Paul (Allen & Unwin, 21s.).

There are two books dealing with the Drink problem in this week's batch. "Does Prohibition Work?" by Martha B. Bruère (Harper Bros., 6s.), and "The English Public-house as it is," by Ernest Selley (Longmans, 5s.).

From Messrs. Benn come six of the Second Series of the Augustan Books of English Poetry, edited by Humbert Wolfe, and published at the low price of 6d. each; and the following are two books on Gardening: "The Beginner's Garden," by Mrs. Francis King (Scribners, 7s. 6d.), and "My Town Garden," by Lady Seton (Nisbet, 6s.).

## NOVELS IN BRIEF

**Blue Tiger Yard.** By CHARLES LANDSTONE. (Faber & Gwyer. 7s. 6d.)

The best that can be said of Mr. Landstone's novel is that he has written a convincing piece of work. His East End Jews are real. He presents them to us in their homes, their shops, their haunts, in the streets and in the 'buses. He knows the difference between one class and another among the Jews who form in their totality only a small section of Anglo-Jewish society; and he knows the intimate antagonisms which prevail among those classes. He traces the life of Rube Lakarin, a wealthy jeweller of Blue Tiger Yard, up to about his twenty-fifth year; an extraordinary type, honest, close-fisted, uncultured, shrewd, intensely interested in life, and with a family pride and adherence to tradition which simply takes no account whatever of so small a matter as the instinct of sex. Even personal freedom is only to be attained well within the family sphere and law, terribly narrow as they are. To have expressed all this soundly and lucidly is undeniably good; but it is not enough. Mr. Landstone shows every little grace. He is far too blunt. He leaves us with the impression of his having wasted profitable opportunities—the impression which always remains when we read a meritorious book which somehow fails to satisfy completely our sense of what we expect from good work.

**Rustle of Spring.** By CLARE CAMERON. (Palmer. 7s. 6d.)

Miss Cameron succeeds in commanding our sympathy to such an extent that we feel positively reluctant to venture any deprecation of her work. The secret of the favour she should meet, if her book receives the attention it deserves, lies in the fact that she has written a "type" story of the poor young person (a girl in this case) who believes herself "different," endowed with vision and genius. The joy of revealing conversations, of first buying a Shelley, of discovering the Proms., of an intellectual evening at St. John's Wood—Miss Cameron makes use of this ever-charming material. If these remarks suggest that she is sentimental, then we have given a wrong impression. On the contrary, that she has avoided sentimentality in a theme peculiarly susceptible to it, is very much to her credit. It is not difficult to separate what we believe is original, valuable, and interesting, from what bears a close relationship to mere padding. The account of the heroine's life as daughter of the house in a mean eastern suburb, of her schooldays, her holiday visits to her relatives, of her succession of employments in the City, of her discoveries in literature and music, all this forms remarkably good reading. But, although we sympathize with it, the recurrent expression of Clare's yearnings for "the beauty and the loving in the world" is far too wordy and repetitious. If Miss Cameron had compressed this motif without destroying its necessary effect of vagueness, her novel would have gained.

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## THE OWNER-DRIVER

## A TRAP FOR THE UNWARY

A LARGE percentage of the letters I have received recently are from readers who, contemplating the purchase of a second-hand car, name the price they are asked for a particular make and ask if I consider the figure a reasonable one.

Without some knowledge of the vehicle in question what value can one's opinion be? There are cars three or four years old in better condition than some that have not been in use so many months.

A few days ago a friend asked if I would go for a trial run with him in a second-hand car, which had been recommended as having "a full set of balloon tyres that look practically like new." The treads certainly did look as if they had scarcely been on the road, and as they were of large size five such tyres represented no small value.

We had covered five miles only when a most disconcerting noise from the rear caused the driver to change colour. "It's always the way if you are giving a demonstration—something takes it into its head to go wrong," he commented.

"It's only a puncture," I said reassuringly, but he didn't seem in any way relieved. "It can hardly be tyre trouble—they are all in such perfect condition," he replied.

But the off-side rear cover was down right enough. The walls had collapsed like the sides of a burnt cardboard box.

No one said a word. The wheel was changed, we finished our short demonstration run, and the driver took the car back with him!

I cannot believe that the firm who offered it for sale had been guilty of any trickery, and the demonstrator certainly had no suspicion that the tyres were "duds," but for the purpose of this story it does not matter who was to blame. The fact remains that if my friend had bought that car he would have got five tyres which looked "practically like new," but which were not what they seemed. My own conviction is that they were old canvas (not cord) covers which had been retreaded some years ago and allowed to lie about unused until it occurred to someone that they might help to sell a second-hand car. By that time the canvas and rubber sides had perished.

A dealer is just as likely to be deceived by such a ruse as a private motorist, but if ever a second-hand car is offered to me with "tyres that look practically like new," I shall want to see their birth certificate!

That there are plenty of fine bargains in the second-hand market I have good reason to know, but how can people with little or no experience be sure of obtaining a square deal?

Many firms of repute have tackled this problem in a straightforward way, and either guarantee the car or undertake to exchange if it does not come up to expectations. Transactions with such people as I refer to should turn out all right, but if a car is bought from a private individual care should be taken to see that it is his own property and not the subject of a hire-purchase agreement.

From time to time I have had cars to dispose of, and I have always said to a prospective purchaser: "So far as I can tell you this is perfectly sound and in every way as represented. . . . If you are interested, have it examined by an A.A. or R.A.C. expert, and if his report does not bear out my statements I will pay the fee. If the expert assures you that the car is as good as represented, you will not begrudge his small remuneration, because you will have the satisfaction of knowing you have picked up a real bargain."

Having averaged two new cars yearly since the War I have had a few to dispose of, and in every case this offer has been made, but not once has the buyer called in an independent expert! The offer itself has always inspired confidence, but if the deal is between strangers, I think the purchaser is wise in submitting the car for R.A.C. or A.A. examination. If the vendor won't agree to such a course my advice is to give him and his car a wide berth.

RAYNER ROBERTS.

*Mr. Rayner Roberts has for many years been recognized as an exceptionally well-informed writer on motoring subjects, and his wide experience as an Owner-Driver is at the service of our readers. Communications should be addressed to the Motor Editor, THE NATION AND ATHENÆUM, 38, Great James Street, London, W.C.1.*

## THE STAMP COLLECTOR

IN our last article we dealt with the first of our correspondent's queries. In this we shall endeavour to provide answers to his second, which is:—

"Please suggest a suitable stamp catalogue (with publisher's name), and a few books on philately suitable for a beginner."

There is no doubt that the best catalogue of postage stamps is published by Messrs. Stanley Gibbons. It is a very comprehensive work and may be obtained in two parts (Part I., British Empire, and Part II., Foreign Countries), or the two parts bound together in one handy volume. The cost of the last-named is 15s. net, whereas the sections bound separately cost 6s. 6d. and 10s. each respectively. In addition to dates of issue and prices at which the publishers can supply the stamps—either unused or used—the catalogue is very fully illustrated, not only with full-sized representations of stamps, but also reproductions of all overprints and surcharges, &c., and is provided with a wealth of historical, philatelic and other information of great assistance and value to the collector. In view of its publication over such a long period, and its careful compilation and frequent improvements, the Gibbons catalogue has gained a world-wide favour, and there is no doubt that it is used as a basis for stampic transactions by collectors and dealers in every part of the world and more than any other catalogue. It was first published as a monthly pamphlet, but that was many years ago, and since 1895 has been issued in pocket form. The present edition of the combined volume runs into more than 1,700 pages.

We must now devote a portion of our space to an opinion on books on philately suitable for a beginner. A low-priced work of this description, and one which we commend is entitled "The New A B C of Stamp Collecting." Its author is Mr. Fred J. Melville, President of the Junior Philatelic Society and one of the foremost writers on philatelic subjects of the day. This book is based on actual experiences, and we can earnestly recommend it to every beginner. Other beginners' books by the same author are "Chats on Postage Stamps" and "The Complete Philatelist." These have been written on more ambitious lines, and the collector who is passing from the stage of the actual beginner would certainly do well in studying them. Another book of this class is "The Boys' Book of Stamp Collecting," by Douglas B. Armstrong.

It almost goes without saying that a knowledge of the different methods of stamp production—such as engraving, typography, and lithography, to say nothing of paper making, perforating, and so forth—is necessary to every earnest collector. Fully to meet this need a most excellent work, "Postage Stamps in the Making," was written by Mr. Melville and published some years ago. It is the most exhaustive work of its kind we can recall. Unfortunately, it has been out of print for some time, but a copy could doubtless be obtained from any good stamp dealer, and every collector anxious to gain a thorough knowledge of this technical, and important, aspect of philately should certainly go to the trouble of securing a copy. Originally published at five shillings this work now commands from three to four times that amount but—it is worth it and worthy of a very careful study as well.

Our correspondent's third query is probably the most difficult to answer. It is as follows:—

"Your suggestions as to the best method of purchasing stamps in a small way would be welcome."

We come back here to the points raised in our last article—it is really a question of "generalism" or "specialism." If one's predilections are for a general collection—large packets of stamps, which are stocked by every dealer, form the most economical method of accumulating an interesting and numerous collection. Nowadays one thousand stamps, all different, can be purchased for a few shillings. These packets are composed mainly of post-war issues of European countries.

If the collector's ideas are mainly on the specialistic side, we can only say that he could do no better than consult any reliable dealer—concentrate on fine stamps, i.e., stamps in perfect condition, and pay more attention to quality rather than quantity. From the financial point of view it is quality that counts all the time—one good stamp catalogued, we will say, at fifty pounds is more easily disposed of than a thousand specimens nominally worth twice that amount.

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## FINANCIAL SECTION

## THE WEEK IN THE CITY

## HOME RAILWAY PROSPECTS—AMERICAN CELLULOSE—CANADIAN CELANESE.

It is not a  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent Bank rate that has encouraged business on the Stock Exchange. It is the prospect of a 4 per cent. Bank rate. And business has not yet developed to any large extent. Apart from the rise in British funds and various "features" among industrial shares, the market in home railways has become notably more cheerful. That, however, is no direct result of a lower Bank rate. "Professionals" are mainly busy discounting public psychology after May 1st when traffic receipts will be compared with the "strike period" of 1926. Moreover, the L. M. & S. issue to shareholders and debenture stock holders of £5,750,000 5 per cent. redeemable debenture stock at 97 (a good trustee security) has directed attention to "standard" revenues. Under the Railways Act, 1921, the companies are permitted to earn after "the appointed day" an annual net revenue equivalent to the 1913 net revenue plus allowances to remunerate capital provided subsequent to 1913. The "appointed day" is expected to be January 1st, 1928, and June 30th next is the last date for claiming the extra allowances.

Everything really depends upon the operating efficiency of the railway groups. The railways have not a monopoly of internal transport. So far their revenues have not been appreciably affected by road transport. What road transport has taken away from the railways, it has given back in other ways—in the freight of road building materials, of asphalt, petrol and other refined oils, of the materials required by the motor manufacturing industry and the retail motor trade. Moreover, improved road communications have stimulated domestic industries, particularly housing, and developed the thirst for travel—which cannot have failed to add indirectly to the growth of railway traffics. But this balance may be lost. In future road transport may develop more rapidly with cheaper and more abundant supplies of motor fuel. The railways cannot escape the responsibility of reorganizing their systems. They may have to electrify all suburban lines to recapture suburban traffic. They may have to concentrate on express goods trains with express motor deliveries from rail-head. They may have to seek powers to run motor-bus services to link up country districts with railway centres. They certainly cannot earn their "standard" revenues by standing still and making complaints of legitimate motor transport competition.

The recent increase in railway goods rates from 50 per cent. to 60 per cent. above pre-war rates has not resulted so far in any loss of traffics. The new rates are practically "standard" charges. If passenger rates were similarly increased next year to "standard" level without loss of traffics, approximately "standard" revenues would be earned. "Standard" revenue, after meeting the interest on debenture stocks, guaranteed stocks, and preference stocks, would amount to the following dividends if distributed fully on the ordinary stocks:—

## FULL DIVIDENDS FROM "STANDARD" REVENUE AS COMPARED WITH 1925 DIVIDENDS.

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"Standard" Rev.	5%	4.6%	7.8%	8.2%		3.2%
At present market prices of ...	55	22	79	93		41
Yield % ...	9.0	20.9	9.8	8.8		7.8
1925 Dividends ...	5%	1%	6%	7%		3½%
Yield % ...	9.0	4.5	7.6	7.5		8.5

Passenger charges may not however be raised to "standard."

No one expects the "standard" revenues to be earned in 1928, except possibly in the case of the Southern. This Company has taken the lead in the electrification of its suburban lines. It is curious that in spite of road competition which is supposed to be more severe in passenger

than in goods traffic, this passenger line has been able to expand its earnings each year prior to 1926. The L. & N. E. deferred stock offers the most speculative possibilities. The increases in goods rates affect L. & N. E. more than the rest. Goods traffic represents 58.2 per cent. of the total traffics in the case of L. & N. E., 56.2 per cent. in the case of L. M. & S., 52.4 per cent. in the case of G. W., and only 24.6 per cent. in the case of the Southern. This year's earnings cannot be guessed, but most of the railway stocks are becoming fully valued, even on the basis of 1925 dividends, which were only paid after considerable withdrawals from reserves.

In THE NATION of December 18th we referred to the merits as a speculative investment of the 7 per cent. First Cumulative Participating Preferred shares (\$100 par value) of the American Cellulose & Chemical Manufacturing Company. These shares are dealt in on the London market, and at that time the market price was £20. To-day the price is £26. The buying of these shares followed upon the publication last month of the Company's report for 1926 which confirmed, but did not add much to the facts we previously collected from well-informed quarters. The position at any rate is now clear. The dividends on the 7 per cent. First Cumulative Participating Preferred shares began in June, 1926, with a first payment of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., and quarterly dividends of  $1\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. have followed. In addition an initial payment of  $1\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. was made in December on account of dividend arrears. As the shares were entitled to 7 per cent. cumulative dividends from June 1st, 1924, the arrears of dividend amount to  $12\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. These arrears will probably be paid off this year. At the present price of £26 cum-quarterly dividend the yield on the basis of the annual dividend of 7 per cent. is £5 11s. 9d. per cent., or, deducting from the present price  $\$12\frac{1}{4}$  in respect of the arrears of dividend, £6 8s. 9d. per cent. But the preferred stock is entitled after 7 per cent. cumulative dividends to 10 per cent. of any surplus profit. As the prospects of the Company improve, so will the market price of these Preferred shares. In 1926 the Company earned \$1,458,517—before deduction of bond interest, depreciation, and reserves. The Chairman has stated that the Company's earnings at the present time are at the rate of \$3,000,000 per annum, and that this rate will be considerably increased when the capacity of the present plant is doubled.

Canadian Celanese have shared in the glory of the rise in American Cellulose. This Company has the sole rights to manufacture in Canada cellulose acetate and its products under the Dreyfus patents—the same rights as the American Cellulose holds in the United States. There is a close working arrangement between the two companies. Canadian Celanese is entitled to the interchange free of cost of all the inventions, patents, or improvements developed by any of the Dreyfus companies outside Canada. It has therefore profited by the experience of American Cellulose. Canadian Celanese with its present plant will earn approximately \$3,000,000 per annum. The present capital consists of \$7,200,000 in 7 per cent. Cumulative Participating Preferred shares of \$100 par value and 233,800 shares of Common Stock of no par value. As in the case of American Cellulose, the preferred stock is entitled to a cumulative dividend of 7 per cent., and to 10 per cent. of the surplus profits. The estimated earnings of \$3,000,000 per annum would be distributed as follows: Depreciation, \$500,000; 7 per cent. dividend on Preferred stock, \$504,000; 10 per cent. of surplus ( $2\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. additional) to Preferred stock, \$199,600; surplus to Common shares, \$1,796,400. The surplus is equal to \$7.70 per common share. The market price of the common shares has risen lately from about £8 to £9½. The Cumulative Preferred Stock stands at £17 5s. and is entitled to the 7 per cent. Cumulative dividend as from April 1st, 1926.

